MARVEL COMICS

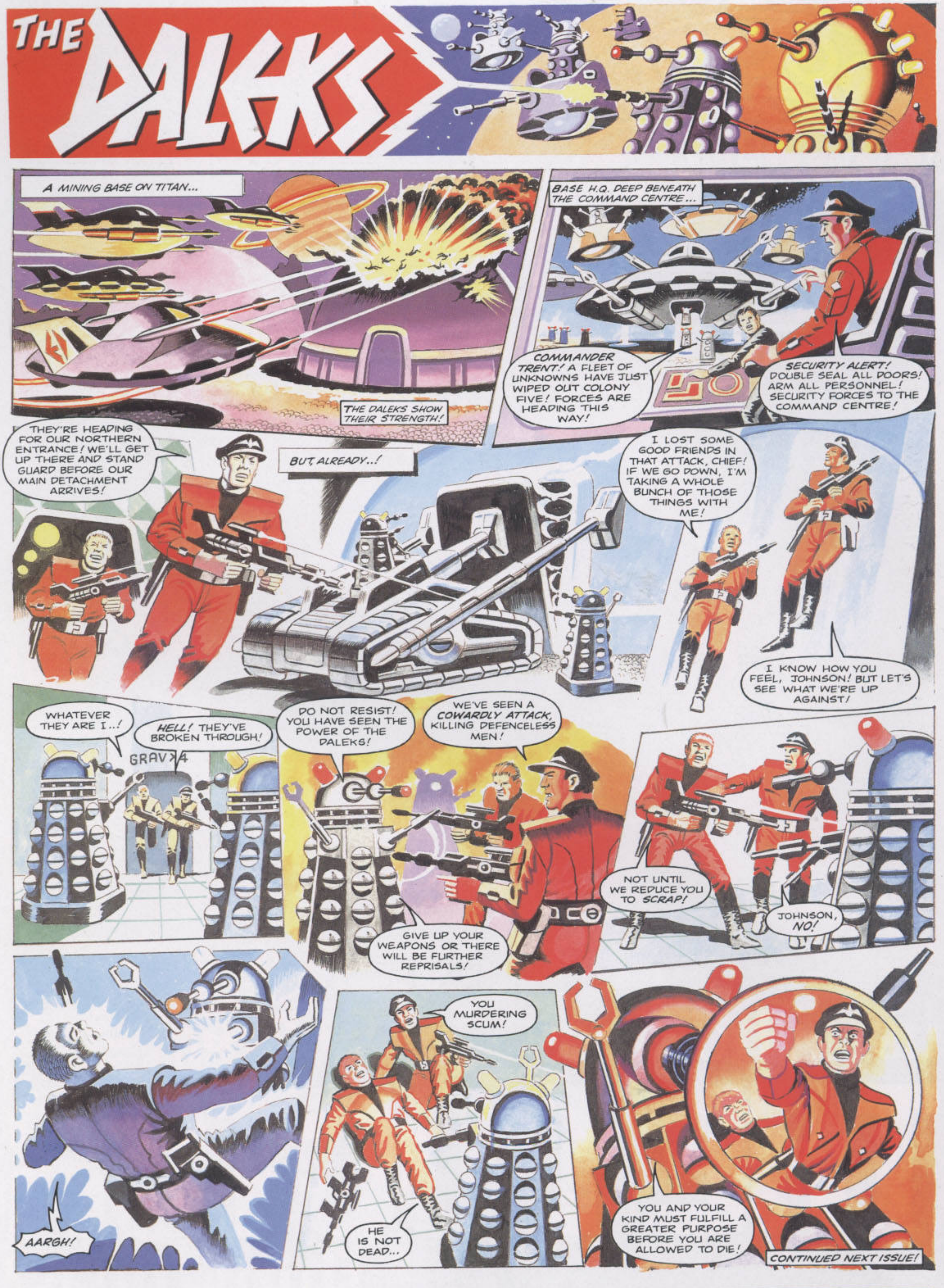
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

DWM 251 • 7 May 1997
UK £3.00 • US $5.99

THE SECRET LIFE OF A TIME LORD EXPOSED!

Just who does THE DOCTOR think he is?

PLUS! Tom Baker Roots Graham Williams Macra Elisabeth Sladen


THE DALEKS
A MINING BASE ON TITAN...
THE DALEKS SHOW THEIR STRENGTH!
BASE H.Q. DEEP BENEATH THE COMMAND CENTRE...
COMMANDER TRENT! A FLEET OF UNKNOWNS HAVE JUST WIPED OUT COLONY FIVE! FORCES ARE HEADING THIS WAY!
SECURITY ALERT! DOUBLE SEAL ALL DOORS! ARM ALL PERSONNEL! SECURITY FORCES TO THE COMMAND CENTRE!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR OUR NORTHERN ENTRANCE! WE'LL GET UP THERE AND STAND GUARD BEFORE OUR MAIN DETACHMENT ARRIVES!
BUT, ALREADY...!
I LOST SOME GOOD FRIENDS IN THAT ATTACK, CHIEF! IF WE GO DOWN, I'M TAKING A WHOLE BUNCH OF THOSE THINGS WITH ME!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, JOHNSON! BUT LET'S SEE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST!
WHATEVER THEY ARE I...!
HELL! THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH!
GRAV X4
DO NOT RESIST! YOU HAVE SEEN THE POWER OF THE DALEKS!
WE'VE SEEN A COWARDLY ATTACK, KILLING DEFENCELESS MEN!
GIVE UP YOUR WEAPONS OR THERE WILL BE FURTHER REPRISALS!
NOT UNTIL WE REDUCE YOU TO SCRAP!
JOHNSON, NO!
AARGH!
YOU MURDERING SCUM!
HE IS NOT DEAD...
YOU AND YOUR KIND MUST FULFILL A GREATER PURPOSE BEFORE YOU ARE ALLOWED TO DIE!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

Artwork **Ron Turner** Script **John Lawrence** Letters **Glib** Daleks created by **Terry Nation**

By now, regular readers will be aware of several key facts about your editor. One: I've been a *Doctor Who* fan since I was an egg. Two: I grew up in Blackpool, that jewel of the North West coast. Three: I have an unhealthy infatuation with Sarah Jane Smith.

With this last fact in mind, you may think that the compilation of this issue's mini-feature *100 Things You Never Knew You Knew About Sarah Jane Smith* would have been a pleasure; a cunning excuse to re-watch some of my favourite episodes of my favourite TV show. Well, no . . . far from it, in fact.

To get the feature in on time, I had to watch 34 episodes from Seasons Twelve and Thirteen in one day – an experience I do not recommend: I was just so *lonely*. I now realise that, like all the most pleasurable experiences in life, watching *Doctor Who* is an activity best shared with someone else . . .

My second discovery is that I actually can't bear to hear the *Doctor Who* theme any more. It actually makes me feel sick and anxious. I have no problem with episodes themselves, I just have to fast-forward through the titles. I suspect this is the same type of reaction that, say, chocolate addicts develop after years of over-indulgence, and their bodies begin to react physically to any further intake with all the symptoms of an allergy. As a child, I used to live close to the much-missed *Doctor Who* Exhibition on Blackpool Prom, which used to play the theme on a continuous loop: all day, every day, from Easter to November. If the wind was blowing in the right direction, then Ron Grainer's finest would form an eerie, half-heard soundtrack to an ordinary afternoon in the sandpit. I suspect that this unlikely experience forms the root of my melody malady.

One person whom I know is a great lover of the theme, in all its forms, is designer Paul Vyse. (Note painful link that's as subtle as a Buddhist subtext in a Barry Letts story). Sadly, this month it also is my duty in this editorial to bid farewell to Paul.

Paul and I joined Marvel at around the same time – a little over two years ago – which proved to be a something of a lucky break for yours truly, allowing me to take credit for a whole host of top-notch ideas and skills that were actually Paul's. He will be missed more than he'll allow himself to believe.

Paul's genius is now being lavished on *Inside Soap* magazine. We wish him well with his new team, with the sincere hope that they will enjoy his Gina G, Pet Shop Boys and Margarita Pracatan tapes just as much as we did . . . Oh yes.

Gary Gillatt

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Alan Barnes**
Designer **James Mayall**

Thanks to **Ness Bishop, Stephen Cole, Paul Cornell, John Freeman, David Gibbes-Auger, Marcus Hearn, David J Howe, Anthony McKay, Kate Orman, Justin Richards, Adrian Rigelsford, Gary Russell, Paul Scoones, Elisabeth Sladen, Paul Vyse, Stephen James Walker, Mark Ward, Jackie Williams, BBC Books, BBC Video and Virgin Publishing**

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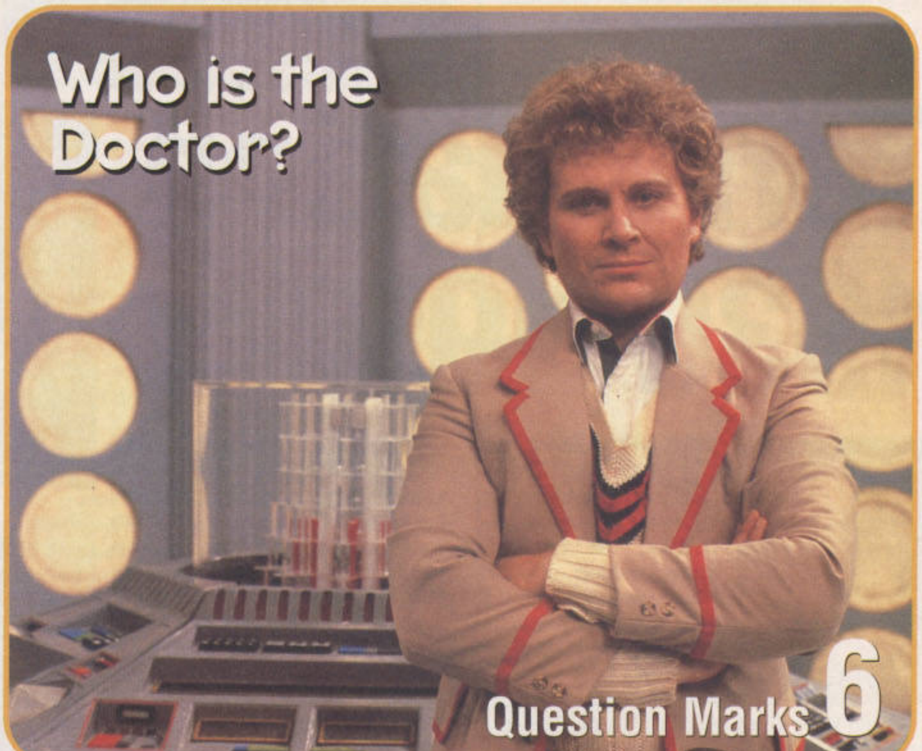

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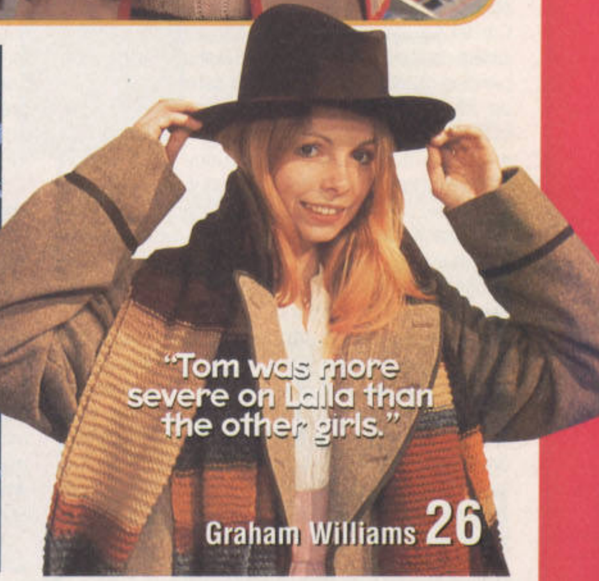

"Tom was more severe on Lalla than the other girls."

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Doctor Who Magazine™ Issue 251. Published by **Marvel Comics**, a division of Panini UK Ltd. Office of publication: Panini House, Coach and Horses Passage, The Pantiles, Tunbridge Wells, Kent TN2 5UJ. *Production* Mark Irvine & JP Fahy; *Marketing Manager* Miles Stevens-Hoare; *Art Director* Helen Nally; *Managing Editor* Alan O'Keefe; *Managing Director* Richard Maskell. Published every four weeks. All *Doctor Who* material is © BBCtv 1996. *Doctor Who* logo © BBC Worldwide 1996. Diamond logo © BBC Worldwide Publications 1973. Daleks © Terry Nation. All other material is © Marvel Comics unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental. Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Printed in the UK and distributed by Marketforce (UK) Ltd, 247 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0AU. 0171-261 5555. ISSN 0957-9818

Gallifrey Guardian

Terry Nation 1930-1997

Terry Nation, the TV and radio script-writer who, in 1963, devised the Daleks, the lynchpin upon which *Doctor Who*'s subsequent 34-year success undoubtedly hinged, died of emphysema in Los Angeles on 9 March.

In the early fifties, Nation gave up his post-school vocation as a salesman for his father's Cardiff furniture factory and travelled to London where he planned to use a satchelful of self-penned gags as the basis for a career as a stand-up comic. "I failed time and time again," he recalled in 1989. "Somebody told me, 'The jokes are good; it's you who's not funny . . .'" Nation was introduced to Spike Milligan who advanced him a few pounds for a *Goon Show* script (albeit because he thought the struggling writer looked half-starved). Nation's script was deemed a success, however, and he soon found his services much in demand.

He branched out into independent television with several scripts for ABC TV science fiction anthology series *Out of This World*. These would lead to an invitation to write for *Doctor Who*, then still in its planning stages. Nation originally declined the BBC's invitation, but would reconsider after a spat with comedian Tony Hancock, for whom he was then writing stage material. Inspiration for the Daleks, the villains of the seven *Doctor Who* episodes he first penned, came from the horror movies he enjoyed: "Whatever the creature was, somewhere in your heart of hearts, you knew it was a man dressed up, so my first requirement was to take the legs off. Take away the humanoid form, and we were off and running . . ." Believing that the series couldn't ultimately work, Nation was astonished by the notoriety his creations would garner him personally: "I was, for that short time, the most famous writer on television . . . The press interviewed me, there was mail arriving in great van-loads. There was stuff coming to my house saying, 'Dalek Man – London' . . ." (Nation would be credited for 62 *Doctor Who* episodes in all, concluding with 1979's *Destiny of the Daleks*.)

Faceless oppressors: Daleks from *The Daleks' Master Plan* (1965-66) . . .

. . . and the *Blake's 7* episode *The Way Back* (1978).

Elsewhere, he proved no less prolific, writing and script-editing numerous fantasy-tinged shows throughout the sixties and early seventies, including *The Avengers*, *The Champions*, *The Persuaders!* and *The Saint*. This industriousness, combined with the considerable reward he'd earned from both Dalek merchandising and two spin-off feature films, would enable Nation and wife Kate to trade in their Hampstead flat for a Kentish mansion – where they would go on to raise their two children, Rebecca and Joel. In the mid seventies, Nation would create two series which would acquire fan followings worldwide: *Survivors*, and, to a greater extent, *Blake's 7*.

Nation emigrated to Los Angeles in 1980, where he made a healthy living from Hollywood studios eager to secure his services. His dream of a stand-alone Daleks series would always elude him, however, but he did maintain an interest in *Doctor Who* and, in the very late eighties, would work on a (later rejected) proposal for an independently-produced version alongside Gerry Davis, another sixties *Doctor Who éminence grise* then resident in the US.

"I don't know to this day what the enormous appeal of the Daleks was," Nation told **DWM** eight years ago. "I've heard all sorts of ideas about it, but they were slightly magical, because you didn't know what the elements were that made them work."

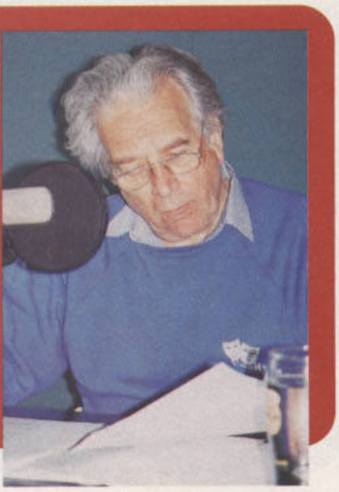
Whatever the nature of that alchemy, the magic died on 9 March.

A full tribute to Terry Nation will appear in the next issue of ***DWM***.

Stars record new material for *Doctor Who* phone line

Colin Baker and Nicholas Courtney (the Sixth Doctor and the Brigadier) recorded audio links for Tele-Global Marketing's interactive *Doctor Who* telephone service on 28 February (see *DWM* 248).

The phone line, structured around a tour of UNIT HQ, will be launched in June. Accessible initially by card-based subscription, each caller will be able to tour areas including the Doctor's Lab, the Armoury, UNIT's Black Museum and even the TARDIS itself. The service also includes an adventure game set in the caverns of an asteroid, which the user can explore by pressing buttons on their telephone keypad.



Tom Down Under (part two)

Tom Baker made a personal appearance at a meeting of the New Zealand *Doctor Who* Fan Club on 25 January.

Visiting the country to record a series of advertisements [see **DWM** 250], Tom indicated to his production company a desire to meet some local fans, and a special event was swiftly organised.

During his talk, Tom revealed a number of opinions on the world of *Doctor Who* . . .

On fans: "*Doctor Who* was my only great, great success . . . It created me . . . but as the years have gone by and as producers have turned away from me, the fans have remained loyal and sustained me."

On the TV Movie: "My wife watched it and she said it was okay but wasn't very mysterious, it was just an adventure story – so I'm glad I didn't see it."

On the other Doctors: "I've never met the other Doctors except by accident, and I avoid them like the plague if I can. I think it's absolutely pathetic to see a bunch of shagged-out old Doctor Whos all together! Also, they're all much nicer than me . . . worse – they're bloody charming! Charm is a much overrated virtue. I think."

On new radio *Doctor Who*: "Feelers have been put out [by the BBC] and I may well do it, but I've made it clear that there's no point in going back to the old stuff, you've got to find a new way of doing it."

The TARDIS exterior and interior built for the NZ Superannuation Services advertisments.

Bits and pieces

At the Gallifrey convention in Los Angeles in February, guest Philip Segal revealed that Universal's option on further *Doctor Who* expires this month (April) and not December, as had been indicated by the BBC. He also noted several scenes dropped from last year's TV Movie at the last minute – which would have expanded Chang Lee's background, revealed why one of the hospital's wards was in such a poor state, and shown more of the courtroom in which the Master was tried by the Daleks . . . Cineffigy Images has recently released three sets of postcards featuring Colin Baker (in Sixth Doctor guise) and Nicola Bryant. Details from: 13 Farm Road, Milton, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset BS22 8BA . . . **There's to be a one-day *Doctor Who* exhibition at Oaklands Park House Museum, Dorking, Surrey on Sunday 20 April. Monsters, costumes and assorted props from the series will be on display between 11.00am and 5.30pm. Call Simon Gray on 01293 871468 for further details . . .** Manopticon musicians Ian Hu and Mark Lambert will be a releasing limited edition CD, *Tracks for Anoraks,* at this year's event [see advertisement this issue]. It includes four different versions of the *Doctor Who* theme (including the remarkable 'spoons' version featuring Sylvester McCoy), plus music from shows such as *UFO* and *Joe 90* . . .

Outside the Spaceship

compiled by Dominic May

Television *Doctor Who* TV Movie writer **Matthew Jacobs** has scripted the Screen Two film *Mothertime*, a grotesque tale, to be shown at Christmas, concerning a mother locked up in a sauna by her children. *Battlefield* director **Michael Kerrigan** is currently shooting a new adaptation of *The Phoenix and the Carpet* for BBC1. **Tony Virgo**, director of *The King's Demons*, is now Head of Drama at BBC Birmingham, and is the executive producer of forthcoming projects *Macbeth on the Estate*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and Series Four of *Dangerfield*. TV Movie spfx supervisor **Tony Dow** has been directing some of *Babylon 5*'s fourth season. **Mary Tamm** plays one of three heavily rouged witches in *The New Adventures of Robin Hood* episode *Witches of the Abbey*, which received its first broadcast on the US cable station TNT on 3 March. **Colin Baker**, who made a guest appearance on UK Gold's *Tellystack* on 4 March, will shortly be seen as murder victim Headly Shale in the first episode of the comedy drama *Jonathan Creek* – and his episodes of ITV's *The Knock* should also air in the next month. **Sophie Aldred** was the presenter of *Under the Influence*, a late-night BBC1 religious series which ran for the six nights leading up to Easter. **Verity Lambert** was the executive producer of the BBC1 comedy series *A Perfect State*, and featured in BBC2's *A Night in With the Girls* in March.

Ronald Fraser (right) with Sheila Hancock in *The Happiness Patrol.*

Film **Eric Roberts** stars alongside Christopher Walken and Jennifer Beals in *Prophecy II*, currently in post-production, is completing *The Shadow Men* with Sherilyn Fenn and Dean Stockwell, and is about to start work on *The Shark Hunter*.

Obituaries **Ronald Fraser**, who played Joseph C in *The Happiness Patrol* and, more recently, the Lord of Love in Channel 4's *TFI Friday*, died on 13 March, aged 66, following a sudden fall at home. **Tony Snell**, who died on 2 January, appeared in *The Seeds of Doom, The Invasion of Time, The Ribos Operation, The Androids of Tara, The Keeper of Traken* and *Time-Flight*. Michael Owen, who appeared in *The Highlanders*, died on 30 January.

Collectors' Heaven

DWM's monthly guide to upcoming *Doctor Who* merchandise

12 May

Video ***The Stranger: Eye of the Beholder*** (reissue) *Reeltime Pictures* £11.99

15 May

Novel ***The New Adventures: Oh No It Isn't!*** by Paul Cornell [Bernice & Menlove Stokes] *Virgin Books* £4.99

Short stories ***Decalog 4 – Re:Generations*** edited by Justin Richards & Andy Lane *Virgin Books* £4.99

2 June

Video ***The War Machines*** (Includes 'lost footage') [First Doctor, Ben & Polly] *BBC Video* £11.99 (rrp)

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Eight Doctors*** by Terrance Dicks [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Devil Goblins from Neptune*** by Keith Topping & Martin Day [Third Doctor, Liz and the Brigadier] *BBC Books* £4.99

Audio ***Doctor Who*** (Paul McGann reads TV Movie novel) [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Audio* £7.99 (rrp)

Postcard Book (Images from Paul McGann TV Movie) *BBC Books* £4.99

19 June

Novel ***The New Adventures: Dragons' Wrath*** by Justin Richards [Bernice & Braxiatel] *Virgin Books* £4.99

DOCTOR WHO
VAMPIRE SCIENCE

7 July

Novel ***Doctor Who: Vampire Science*** by Jon Blum & Kate Orman [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Murder Game*** by Steve Lyons [Second Doctor, Ben & Polly] *BBC Books* £4.99

17 July

Novel ***The New Adventures: Beyond the Sun*** by Matthew Jones [Bernice & Jason Kane] *Virgin Books* £4.99

DOCTOR WHO
THE MURDER GAME
STEVE LYONS

4 August

Video ***The Happiness Patrol*** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £11.99 (rrp)

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Bodysnatchers*** by Mark Morris [Eighth Doctor and Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Chains of Commands*** by Gary Russell [Sixth Doctor and Mel] *BBC Books* £4.99

Audio ***Kinda*** (Peter Davison reads an abridged novelisation) [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Tegan & Nyssa] *BBC Audio* £5.99

11 August

Video ***Doctor Who on Earth is Tom Baker*** (reissue) *Reeltime Pictures* £10.99

21 August

Novel ***The New Adventures: Ship of Fools*** by Dave Stone [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

1 September

Novel ***Doctor Who: Genocide*** by Paul Leonard [Eighth Doctor, Sam & Jo Grant] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: The Ultimate Treasure*** by Christopher Bulis [Fifth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Books* £4.99

Non-fiction ***Book of Monsters*** by David Howe *BBC Books* £15.99

18 September

Novel ***The New Adventures: Down*** by Lawrence Miles [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

6 October

Video Boxed set: *Full Circle, State of Decay, Warriors' Gate* [Fourth Doctor, Romana, K9 & Adric] *BBC Video* £tba

Novel ***Doctor Who: War of the Daleks*** by John Peel (tbc) [Eighth Doctor & Sam] *BBC Books* £4.99

Novel ***Doctor Who: Illegal Alien*** by Mike Tucker & Robert Perry (tbc) [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Books* £4.99

Non-fiction ***The Doctor Who Book of Lists*** by Justin Richards & Andrew Martin *BBC Books* £5.99

CD Rom ***Doctor Who*** *BBC Multimedia* £tba

16 October

Novel ***The New Adventures: Deadfall*** by Gary Russell [Bernice & Chris Cwej] *Virgin Books* £4.99

3 November

Audio ***Vengeance on Varos*** (Colin Baker reads abridged novelisation) [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Audio* £5.99

20 November

Novel ***The New Adventures: Ghost Devices*** by Simon Bucher-Jones [Bernice] *Virgin Books* £4.99

Notes

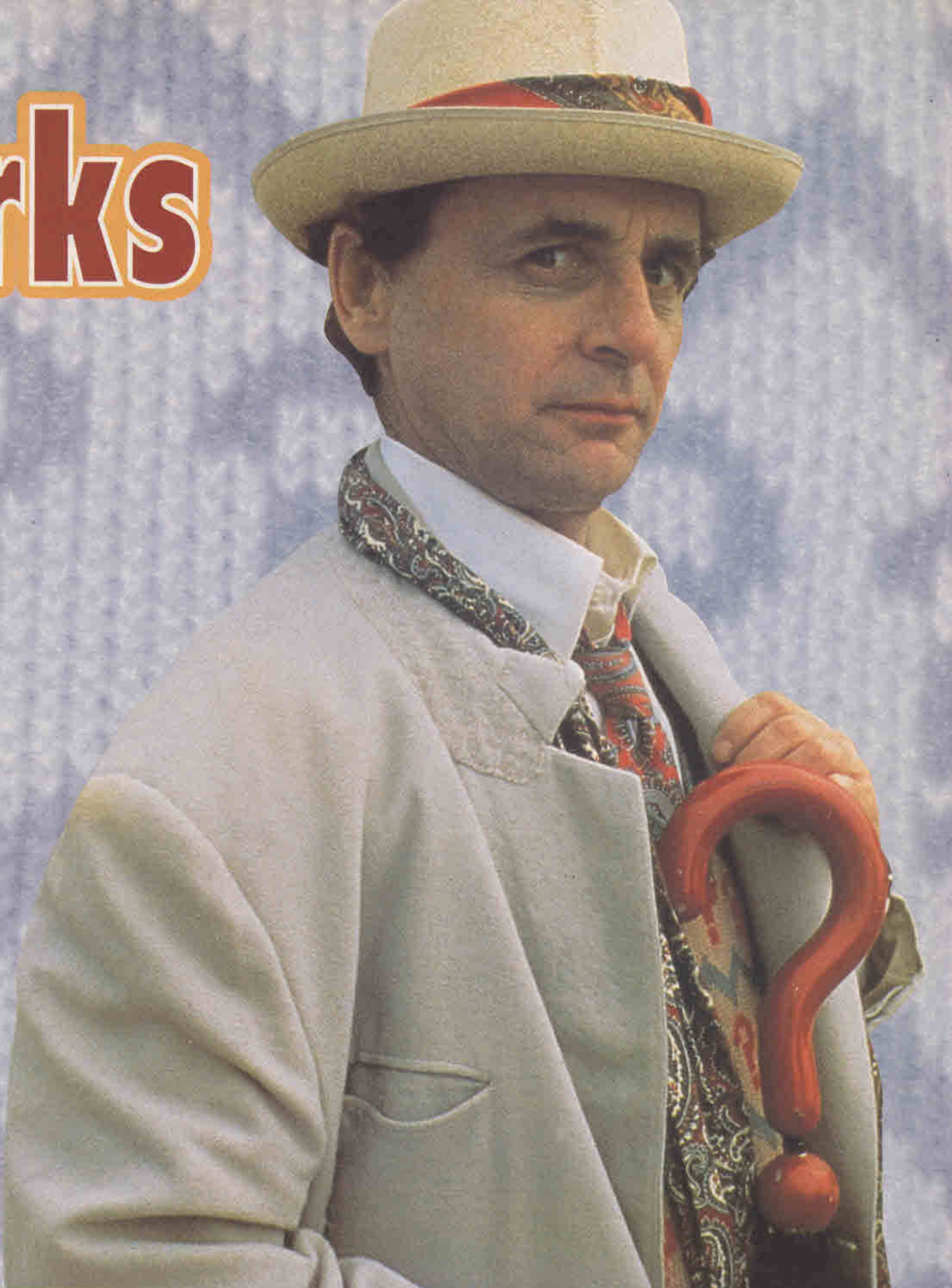
1] The BBC short stories collection *Short Trips*, originally scheduled for September, has been postponed until March.

2] The *Kinda* and *Vengeance on Varos* audio releases have had prices confirmed at £5.99.

BBC Video [3] David J Howe [2] Paul Scoones [2]

Question Marks

In the first of a two-part feature, Philip MacDonald puts the ever-enigmatic Doctor in the psychiatrist's chair – and probes the furthest reaches of our hero's inner self . . .



Who is the Doctor? We know, of course, a prodigious amount of detail about *what* he is; he's a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey in the constellation of Kasterborous; he has two hearts, a respiratory bypass system and takes four breaths per minute; he can regenerate his body twelve times; he tours the cosmos in a Type 40 TT capsule . . .

None of these revered truths, however, tell us much about the man himself. Who is he? What makes him tick? Why is he our hero?

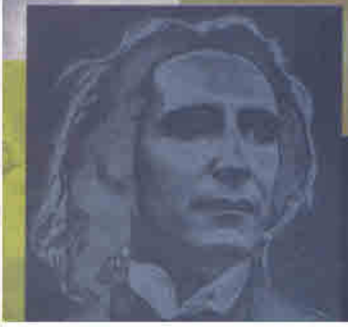
The keystone of the Doctor's adventures is empathy. He is blessed with the power of projecting his large moral imagination into any context or situation and perceiving the good and bad of all perspectives. That's why he is able to rail explosively against the destructive instincts of his favourite species on Seabase Four (*Warriors of the Deep*), but is able to watch the demise of the Nimons with a curt "good riddance" (*The Horns of Nimon*). These are the utterances of a complex character, and one which we can't define by means of moral absolutes. We know from *Pyramids of Mars* that his humanitarian sympathies are of a cold, even ruthless nature – he won't waste time lamenting the terrible death of cuddly Laurence Scarman when the rest of the universe is in danger – but we know also from *Genesis of the Daleks* that he could never bring himself to destroy one defenceless life-form even if that act would ensure a future of universal peace.

Who is the Doctor?
Why is he our hero?
What makes him tick?

As a fictional character, the Doctor exists at a certain distance from us. Although we can make a number of confident claims about his beliefs, opinions and even emotions, only very rarely do we see things absolutely from his point of view, because the vast majority of *Doctor Who* stories are told through the eyes, or at least from behind the shoulders, of his companions. In the programme's earliest days this was made very clear, with a kind of hierarchy of viewer-identification which started with Ian and Barbara and passed through Susan before reaching the enigmatic outsider himself (something that is polarised still further in David Whitaker's novelisation of the first Dalek story, in which Ian is the first-person narrator and even Barbara becomes an unpredictable quantity), but in latter years the presence of Jo, Sarah or Ace is equally instrumental in the storytelling; they are the 'reliable' narrators of the adventures of an occasionally unreliable character. Occasionally the show makes excellent dramatic capital out of this maintained ambiguity in its central figure; the fact that we are seldom if ever allowed inside the Doctor's head makes for a real uncertainty in such daring twists as his apparent siding with the villains in *The Claws of Axos* and *The Invasion of Time* (in the latter case keeping the viewers guessing for more than two episodes). Even *The Deadly Assassin*, unique because it features an unaccompanied Doctor, stresses our narrative distance from him; the absence of a companion doesn't draw the viewer any further into the Doctor's confidence, resulting in a downright traumatic Part One cliffhanger – where he appears to gun down his own President – and a curious feeling of detachment in the infamous Matrix 'dream' sequences.

The same story features a prologue narrated by the Doctor, but a potted Gallifreyan history lesson hardly affords an insight into his mind, and it might as well be spoken by Spandrell or Borusa (or the Master for that matter) for all the subjectivity it betrays. Rather more striking is the voiceover that opens the 1996 Paul McGann TV Movie, which does make us privy to the Doctor's opinions and moral decisions, and it's interesting too insofar as the Eighth Doctor narrates events that occurred in his previous incarnation. Of course, a lot of this is to do with expediency; it's by far the clearest and quickest way to fill in the much-coveted 'new audience', wherever it may be, on the facts and figures of Time Lord biology and TARDIS technology. So we're left with the third and, for all its briefness, perhaps the most revealing of the Doctor's voiceovers, which comprises a mere two words in the opening episode of *The Underwater Menace*. As the camera tracks across the faces of the TARDIS crew, each one 'thinks' what might be outside. Polly wishes for Chelsea in 1966; Ben's contribution is "Hope it's the Daleks, I don't think," while the Doctor, in tones of unadulterated enthusiasm, imagines "Prehistoric monsters!" If it reveals anything at all, it's exactly what we'd expect: an adventurous spirit full of enthusiasm for amazing worlds and wonderful sights, regardless of the danger they might present.

These, however, are the exceptions that prove the rule. Indeed, Virgin Publishing's guidelines for their *New Adventures* insist that the stories are categorically not to be told or perceived from the Doctor's point of view; his thought processes are out of bounds. Whatever one's opinion on such a restriction, it can't be denied that even when not enforced, this appears to have been a long-standing unwritten law of *Doctor Who*. When pushed excessively in an effort to promote the tired enigma and raise the question of the Doctor's motives and background, as in the Seventh Doctor's era and to a greater extent in the *New Adventures*, the Doctor's dignified ▶



Changing minds

So, exactly how has the Doctor's character been determined over the years? For the benefit of new writers and other personnel, the *Doctor Who* production team occasionally compiled sets of guidelines intended to indicate the key elements comprising his persona . . .

The First Doctor

Cunning, malignant, bewildered, pathetic, inquisitive . . .

The earliest character sketch of our hero was drafted by BBC staff writer CE Webber in the spring of 1963 – and he wasn't very nice at all. "A frail old man lost in space and time . . . he is suspicious and capable of sudden malignance . . . he is searching for something as well as fleeing from something". "The Secret of Dr. Who", according to these notes, is that: "he is disintegrating . . . One symptom of this is his hatred of scientists, inventors, improvers . . . He malignantly tries to stop progress (the future) where he finds it, while searching for his ideal (the past) . . ."

These ideas were thoroughly overhauled by former BBC Script Department head Donald Wilson after television drama chief Sydney Newman had perused Webber's document. Wilson's guidelines of 16 May 1963 revealed that the name 'Dr. Who' would be given our curmudgeonly hero: "by his three earthly friends because neither he nor they know who he is. Dr. Who is about 650 years old. Frail looking but wirey and tough like an old turkey – is amply demonstrated whenever he is forced to run from danger [sic]. His watery blue eyes are continually looking round in bewilderment and occasionally a look of utter malevolence clouds his face as he suspects his earthly friends of being part of some conspiracy. He seems not to remember where he comes from but has flashes of garbled memory which indicate that he was involved in a galactic war and still fears pursuit by some undefined enemy. Because he is somewhat pathetic his three friends continually try to help him find his way 'home', but they are never sure of his motives." (Slightly less significant, albeit fascinating, was the spin given the Doctor's character by script editor David Whitaker in an internal BBC document dated 8 July 1963: "Regarding Doctor Who, I feel that he should be more

The Doctor is in many respects a character to whom nothing really happens.

narrative distance becomes instead a dangerous alienation which threatens to damage the character. Such treatment is poles apart from the genuinely effective destabilising of the viewers' expectations via the Fourth Doctor's mock-megalomania in *The Invasion of Time* and *The Armageddon Factor*. There's something utterly strained and tiresome about this whole so-called 'Time's Champion' business which goes against the grain of the entire success of *Doctor Who*: surely the point is that here's a character who is simultaneously both a hero and an outsider, a shadowy ideologue whose least mystery is the obvious constant that he empathises with the forces of good, however they may be manifested. Once the Doctor starts to encourage the cult of his own mystery by wearing question marks on his lapels and, eventually, by producing a question mark calling-card, the effect is to reduce the mystery drastically. There's nothing eccentric or enigmatic about artificially cultivating a sense of one's own eccentricity. Clothes, in this case, are in danger of unmaking the man.

Interestingly, these physical question marks begin to appear in the series at roughly the same time that the programme's figurative question marks begin to evaporate. There's much talk these days of what is and isn't 'canonical' in *Doctor Who*, but, as fan writer Tat Wood has pointed out in his excellent fanzine *Spectrox*, in a sense there was really no 'canon' at all until at least the introduction of the Time Lords; that is, until *Doctor Who* viewers and the Doctor himself gained a sense of historical context, there was only an ongoing series of adventures. *The Three Doctors* was the first story that made reference to anything that had happened more than a couple of seasons before. When fans and historians started getting hold of *Doctor Who* in the late seventies and early eighties, some stories effectively became more canonical than others; classic monsters, Time Lords and the Brigadier suddenly invested certain old episodes with a greater significance than others, a process which was fed back into *Doctor Who* during the early eighties via flashback sequences and reunions which rewrote the collective memory of *Doctor Who* viewers. As Tat Wood points out, "How many continuity references have there been to *The Underwater Menace* compared to *The Web of Fear*?"

As the viewer's relationship with *Doctor Who*'s history changed, so the Doctor's own status as a character was affected. From *The Web of Fear* onwards his credentials on present-day Earth were never further away than a phone call to UNIT, and a year later the whole Time Lord mythology got under way, but the sheer weight of history only really landed on his shoulders during the fourth Doctor's last season, and it began to define the character thereafter. By the time we reach the closing lines of *The Five Doctors* ("You mean you're deliberately choosing to go on the run from your own people in a rackety old TARDIS?"/"Why not? After all, that's how it all started!"), he is acutely, self-reflexively, aware of his own legend.

Terrance Dicks has spoken of a 'generic character' for the Doctor which is easy to recreate so long as a basic empathy with the man is present in the writer's intentions; in other words, once the 'incredibly long multi-coloured scarf' or 'pleasant open face' or 'shock of prematurely white hair' has been got out of the way, the character speaks and acts in much the same way throughout his regenerations. This is essentially true, as the quirks and peculiarities of each individual incarnation are very much down to the decisions of actors and costume designers rather than of writers. Sylvester McCoy's debut story, for example, was written before the actor was cast; most of Tom Baker's first season was already in the pipeline before he'd been found (hence, famously, the creation of Harry Sullivan as a contingency against the possibility of an elderly Doctor); and Patrick Troughton seems to spend his first few stories working through a backlog of Hartnell material before finally stepping out of the TARDIS 'in character' in *The Moonbase*. This is another reason why the *New Adventures* see a massive shift in emphasis; whereas they can presumably be said to undergo the equivalent of script-editing, they don't suffer the equivalent of Tom Baker throwing the script across the rehearsal room and refusing to speak the lines.

This is by no means a flippant observation – the eight Doctors are, ultimately, the creations of actors. Notwithstanding occasional aberrations like the increased violence of the Third Doctor, the ever-developing eccentricities of the Fourth, the ruthlessness and (if *The Twin Dilemma* and *Slipback* are to be believed) alcoholism of the Sixth, and even the sexual awareness of the Eighth (something which we'll address in greater detail next month), the Doctor's moral through-line remains remarkably constant, as Dicks indicates. The same is inevitably true of what might be called the generic female companion; one need look no further than the meeting of Tegan and Sarah in Dicks' *The Five Doctors* to realise how immutable is the function and vocabulary of these characters. A line like "Cosmic how-much?", which Tegan is called upon to say in the novelisation of *The Five Doctors*, could come from the lips of almost any companion, even Victoria or Leela. Perhaps this is why the 'new' companions in spin-off literature can fail to engage the reader's interest or sympathy; perhaps the simple fact is that *Doctor Who* characters, necessarily formulaic as they are, need to be filtered through an actor's performance before they become fully imagined.

Classic *Doctor Who* stories are generally revered because of the stories themselves, not because of the Doctor's exceptional contribution to them; there's little difference between the Doctor who appears in *Four to Doomsday* one week and *Kinda* the next. And the Doctor, when you stop to think about it, is in many respects a character to whom nothing really happens. This is a matter of some complexity and is, I think, crucial to our understanding of his appeal.

The difference between *Doctor Who* (well, most *Doctor Who*) and the average soap opera is that soap operas revolve around the traumas and developments of the personal lives of the characters. *Doctor Who* is the opposite: a wealth of different societies, times and planets are the backdrop for the adventures of an essentially unchanging hero. And with good reason; the core of *Doctor Who* lies in the wildly fanciful stories themselves, while the personality of the hero, eccentric and wayward though it might be, is the accepted benchmark of the programme's ongoing ethos, its moral and psychological stability.

Perhaps in this respect, more than any other, the Doctor is like his big-screen cousin James Bond, whose daredevil escapades and multiple sexual conquests are wiped clean every time, so that each film begins from the same point; Bond is a hero who comes with no strings attached. When, in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (1969) he falls in love with, and gets married to, Diana Rigg's Tracy, the effect is extraordinarily jarring; Bond fans are prone to consider the film a classic, largely by virtue of its daring to challenge the series' archetypes in this way, but of course in the long term it would have destroyed the character. The introduction of Mrs James Bond is really little more than a short-term trick allowing for a down-beat ending to the film. The only concession to this in the sequel, *Diamonds Are Forever* (1971), involves a pre-credits sequence in which the embittered and vengeful Bond pursues Tracy's killer; after the titles it's back to shaken-not-stirred business as usual.

The Bond films are on rocky territory when they try to articulate the essential absurdities attendant on their enormous success; *GoldenEye*, firmly set in the mid-nineties, has Judi Dench's M describing Bond as "a, sexist, misogynist dinosaur, a relic of the cold war", which only serves to highlight the uncomfortable fact that new boy Pierce Brosnan was still in short trousers when Sean Connery's Bond first made it onto celluloid, and it's rather foolish of the writers to draw our attention so un-compromisingly to the fact that, if this is meant to be the same man as the one in *Dr. No*, he ought to be well into his sixties.

But *GoldenEye* does more than this; pretty much uniquely among the ▶

The "Time's Champion" business goes against the grain of the entire success of Doctor Who.

like the old Professor that Frank Morgan played in The Wizard of Oz, only a little more authentic . . .")

Further revisions of Wilson's format document claimed that "Doctor Who" was named as such because "he is happy to extend the mystery surrounding him". "He can be enormously cunning once he feels he is being conspired against", it continued, "and he sometimes acts with impulse rather than reasoned intelligence. He can be quite considerate and wise and he responds to intelligence eagerly. His forgetfulness and vagueness alternate with flashes of brilliant thought and deduction." (Circa July 1963, another series outline claimed that: "Dr. Who . . . is frail, bewildered and eccentric, but also shows flashes of great intelligence combined with vindictiveness".)

On 1 May 1964, replying to a query posed by one Mr Adams, David Whitaker remarked on how time travel had affected the Doctor's perception: "Undoubtedly one must look at time as a roadway going up a hill and down the other side. You and I are in a position of walking along that road, whereas Doctor Who is in a position of being placed on top of the hill. He can look backwards and he can look forward, in fact the whole pattern of the road is laid out for him. But you will appreciate of course that he cannot interfere with that road in any way whatsoever. He cannot divert it, improve it or destroy it . . . Doctor Who is an observer."

Later producer and script editor team Innes Lloyd and Gerry Davis revised the Doctor's guidelines in the spring of 1966 with regard to the introduction of new companions Ben and Polly: "He is vague – inquisitive. Has an interest in people and problems to do with people and civilizations. His ability to deal with highly complex problems, both scientific and menacing, comes, not really from intellect, but from experience and great age . . .

"He is fond, in an uncles way, of his two companions. Ben he finds somewhat meddlesome, and irritating in the expressions he uses (cockney) – amusing because of his cautiousness.

"Polly represents much that he finds annoying in modern girl – her flippancy, independence and her impulsiveness. Nevertheless he feels protective towards her."

The Second Doctor

Superior, clowning, thunderous, suspicious, oblique . . .

Actor William Hartnell's retirement from the series' lead role prompted a complete reassessment of the character, who would regenerate both physically and mentally in the concluding part of *The Tenth Planet*. "The New Dr. Who" would be, according

to a document authored by Lloyd, Davis and Sydney Newman in the summer of 1966: "Vital and forceful – his actions are controlled by his superior intellect and experience – whereas at times he is a positive man of action, at other times he deals with the situation like a skilled chess player, reasoning and cunningly planning his moves. He has humour and wit and also an overwhelmingly thunderous rage which frightens his companions and others.

"A feature of the new Dr. Who will be the humour on the lines of the sardonic humour of Sherlock Holmes. He enjoys disconcerting his companions with unconventional and unexpected repartee . . .

"To keep faith with the essential Dr. Who character, he is always suspicious of new places, things or people – he is the eternal fugitive with a horrifying fear of the past horrors he has endured, (these horrors were experienced during the galactic war and account for his flight from his own planet) . . ."

Talks that October between Lloyd, Davis, *The Power of the Daleks*' script doctor Dennis Spooner, plus incoming Doctor Patrick Troughton begat an amended, and far more accurate, character study dated 28 November: "He is more of an enigma, using humour to gain his ends rather than direct confrontation. His clowning tends to make his enemies underrate him and his obsession with apparent trivialities, clothes, novelties of all kinds, etc., is usually a device merely to give him time to examine a newly-discovered clue.

"With Ben, Polly and Jamie, he is cryptic, oblique and mysterious, preferring (like Sherlock Holmes) to keep his conclusions to himself and let the others theorize about the situation. However, we must feel that there is a keen purpose in all he does (if we can spot it!) and that he can flare into direct action and dominate the scene if necessary . . .

"Perhaps his chief attribute is an avoidance of the cliché and obvious. His attitudes to any given situation are off-beat and unpredictable. Sometimes this leads to misunderstandings with his companions who consider him to be favouring the 'wrong side' . . .

"When he has achieved the desired result and is congratulated by the others, he invariably looks puzzled: Did he really do that? and if so, 'how'? . . . this sometimes leads to a 'Pied Piper' ending, with the people he has saved rejecting him because of his manner and his refusal to accept their gratitude. As with his fellow time-travellers (and the viewers!), he wants them to think for themselves and stand on their own two feet, instead of putting a statue to their deliverer in the market place and making the same mistakes again."

With thanks to Andrew Pixley

Bond films it allows itself to consider the hero's psychological make-up, with unsurprisingly fidgety results. "Do all those vodka martinis drown out the screams of the men you've killed?" taunts the villain, "and does taking refuge in the arms of all those willing women help you to forget those you couldn't protect?" It's all very fashionably nineties, but these are awkward incursions into the psyche of a character who is defined by predictable actions which are absurd if viewed as part of a psychological portrait – and here is where Bond and the Doctor meet. Like Bond, the Doctor can only function at a certain distance for the very reason that his adventures demand a certain emotional and psychological invincibility. He can't fall in love with his companions and he can't undergo tremendous internal traumas; if he did, *Doctor Who* would become a soap opera based around the personality cult of its lead characters in much the same fashion as the various *Star Trek* franchises, in which the majority of the storylines are propelled by the involvement of the characters' families, fantasies, love-lives and emotional journeys of discovery (Spock weeps, Data finds emotions, Kirk gets off with everybody). The Doctor has to turn down the post of President of the High Council of Time Lords for the same reason that Inspector Morse and Sergeant Lewis never seem to get any nearer to promotion – such developments would fatally disrupt the happy status quo of the adventures.

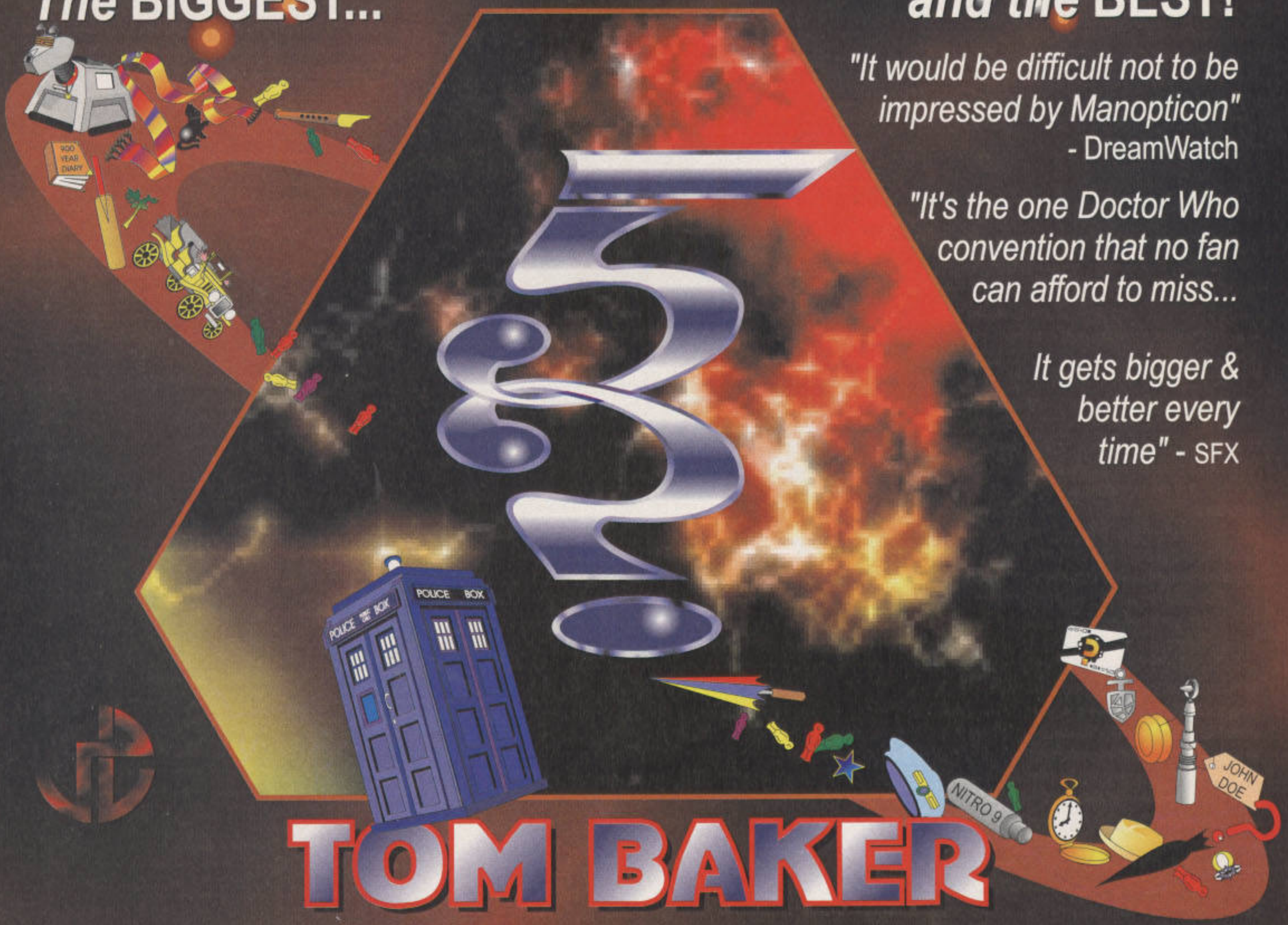
Doctor Who fans are, understandably, attracted to the idea of an overarching emotional development being granted to our hero and his companions, because it's part of our investment in the show that we give it credit for such things as continuity – not merely in the sense that we experience a glow of satisfaction when the Terileptils get an off-hand mention, or when we recognise the TARDIS toolbox, but in the wider sense that we want these to be rounded characters who won't let us down by suddenly being implausible. We tend to regard the Doctor's rare moments of solipsism and introspection as classic, character-defining speeches – *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* contains the Doctor's famous soliloquy about the transitory entrances and exits of his companions, *Pyramids of Mars* has the much-quoted "The earth isn't my home . . . I walk in eternity", and *Ghost Light* has the bit about burnt toast and unrequited love. Lovely though these are, however, they're surely no more than little breathers, the exhalations of a character who knows and accepts (and, we suspect, doesn't really mind) that he'll never find anything better to do than run around after the Brigadiers of the universe. In narrative terms, it's his job to be a hero – and however hard the scriptwriters try to kick against that, sooner or later he'll have to get back to work. Inevitably it's sooner: Dodo comes careering into the TARDIS or Sutekh blows up the console, and we're off on our adventures once more.

We adore the Doctor for his stubborn decision to go fishing on Tara rather than search for the Key to Time, but writer and script editor Douglas Adams' semi-serious idea for a whole story in which the Doctor turns his back on saving the universe and goes on holiday, although intellectually amusing and pleasingly iconoclastic in theory, would almost certainly have been an embarrassment in practice. So the basic demands of *Doctor Who*'s storytelling structure require that its hero never strays too far 'out of character', and is never too turbulently affected by the relentless perils of his career.

There are times when he is buffeted to-and-fro by the conflicting requirements of dramatic realism and heroic stability; the shattered old man who sighs "What a waste – what a terrible waste" as he considers the death-toll at the end of *The Daleks' Master Plan* is the same Doctor who was running to and fro performing slapstick routines and wishing the viewers a Merry Christmas only five weeks earlier. Admittedly this is an extreme case, but it's by no means unique, and the idea that we go along with it at all is testimony to the fact that this is not a 'realistic' hero we're talking about. Thank goodness . . .

In the concluding part of this feature, we'll look at how *Doctor Who* copes with what happens when its lead character has to confront a serious trauma.

Our hero can never be too affected by the relentless perils of his career



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A Doctor Who dictionary

compiled by The Watcher

A handy guide to some of those words we just can't seem to live without . . .

Adult Drama *n.* optional capitals. Any television programme which features violence and/or the discussion of politics on a non-allegorical level.

allegory *n.* an all-purpose term covering parody, pastiche, homage, quotation and plagiarism, as in '*Robot* is a *King Kong* allegory'.

Bohemian *adj.* a quality of uncertain nature, possessed mainly by the Fourth Doctor.

"bohemian"

capacious *adj.* used exclusively to describe the pockets of the Second, Third and Fourth Doctors.

Chaplinesque* *adj.* term used by people who have never seen a Chaplin film to describe Troughton's Doctor.

character actor *n*; any actor who has appeared in more than one *telefantasy* (qv) series, eg Kevin Stoney, Julian Glover, Kenneth Cope.

"character actor"

childlike *adj.* applied to any aspect of *Doctor Who* which is unusually sophisticated, eg *Kinda*, Tom Baker's performance, etc.

classic^1 *n.* an atypically good *Doctor Who* story, as in '*City of Death* is a classic'.

classic^2 *adj.* typically bad, as in '*The Claws of Axos* is classic *Doctor Who*.'

City of Death: "classic"

The Claws of Axos: "classic"

climactic *adj.* descriptive of absolutely anything at all that happens in the last episode of a *Doctor Who* story.

climatic *adj.* as above, but spelt wrongly.

comic strip^1 *n.* magnificent art-form worthy of the highest praise.

comic strip^2 *adj.* the most uncompromisingly vicious term of critical abuse, as in '*Delta and the Bannermen* was pure comic strip'.

crotchety* *adj.* see *irascible*.

dandy *adj.* strictly reserved for descriptions of Pertwee's Doctor.

Edwardian *adj.* term hurled about with reckless abandon by people who neither know nor care what it might possibly mean (see also *Bohemian*).

elfin *adj.* strictly reserved for descriptions of Susan Foreman, Zoe and the Second Doctor.

"elfin"

era *n.* elsewhere used to label periods of geological evolution lasting up to four billion years (as in 'the Pre-Cambrian era'), in *Doctor Who* literature this word describes the span of each Doctor's incumbency (as in 'the Colin Baker era').

-esque *suffix.* an all-purpose suffix allowing us to make meaningless claims to the effect that something is a bit like something else, eg '*The Macra Terror* is Kafkaesque'.

fascist *n.* describes any organisation whose members wear boots and carry guns. Except UNIT.

fantasy *n.* defined in *Doctor Who* terms as *The Mind Robber, Kinda, Warriors' Gate* or any other story with scenes set against a black or white backdrop.

"floppy"

floppy *adj.* used exclusively to describe the Fourth Doctor's hat. The only other hats permitted in *Doctor Who* are the Panama, Astrakhan, deerstalker and stovepipe. Any of the more mainstream examples of the milliner's art, such as the bowler, trilby or top hat, are strictly forbidden.

gritty* *adj.* applied to anything with machine guns in it, especially *The Caves of Androzani* and Season Seven. See also *realism*.

hobo *n.* never used without the prefix 'cosmic', this word applies exclusively to Troughton's Doctor. Research indicates that it only occurs outside *Doctor Who* in the title of US children's drama *The Littlest Hobo*.

irascible *adj.* strictly confined to articles about Sydney Newman's original conception of the Doctor's character.

"irascible"

jabolite* *n.* a mysterious substance with no known properties other than being absolutely indispensable to the production team during the Hartnell era.

jackanapes *n.* see next entry.

jehosophat *n.* see previous entry.

mane *n.* usually preceded by 'flowing'. Used exclusively to describe the First and Third Doctors' hair.

mirrorlon* *n.* a mysterious substance with no known properties other than being absolutely indispensable to the production team during the Troughton era.

mop *n.* usually preceded by 'untidy'. Used exclusively to describe the Second and Fourth Doctors' hair.

oddball *adj.* see *surreal*.

pseudo- *prefix.* an all-purpose prefix allowing us to make further meaningless claims to the effect that something is a bit like something else, eg '*The Macra Terror* is pseudo-Marxist'. (see *-esque*)

realism *n.* applied to anything in which members of the supporting cast shout at each other and don't shave, especially *The Caves of Androzani* and Season 7. See also *gritty*.

roadster* *n.* Bessie is a roadster. No other car is, not even the one that the Doctor steals from Dr Beavis at Ashbridge hospital in *Spearhead from Space*.

"roadster"

scientist *n.* pretty much anyone with untidy hair. Not to be confused with *misguided scientist*, who is pretty much anyone with untidy hair who dies horribly around about the end of part three.

smoking jacket *n.* any garment made of velvet and *sported* (qv) by a *dandy* (qv).

"smoking jacket"

sport *vb.* strictly reserved for the Doctor's more eccentric fashion accessories, as in 'he sported a stick of celery in his lapel' or 'sporting a question-mark umbrella'.

sprightly *adj.* strictly reserved for descriptions of Bessie and Peter Cushing's Doctor.

squat *adj.* strictly reserved for descriptions of Daleks ('squat pepperpot shape') and Sontarans ('short, squat and immensely powerful').

"squat"

"squat"

surreal *adj.* descriptive of any story prior to the McCoy era which features fairytale characters, anti-realist scenery or slightly unusual camerawork, eg *The Celestial Toymaker, The Mind Robber, The Claws of Axos, The Deadly Assassin*. If the storyline is also abstruse and/or incomprehensible, it becomes 'bravely surreal' (eg *Warriors' Gate*). The last surreal episodes are the ones that conclude the Sixth Doctor's trial; thereafter all such stories are officially designated *oddball* (qv) instead, eg *Paradise Towers, Delta and the Bannermen, The Happiness Patrol*.

telefantasy* *n.* not to be confused with *fantasy* (qv). Any television production written by Nigel Kneale, Richard Carpenter, Bob Baker and Dave Martin, etc. Ideally should feature aliens, spaceships or the supernatural, but as long as there are enough *character actors* (qv) in it (eg *A Very Peculiar Practice*) it qualifies anyway. Important note: telefantasy is *Adult Drama* (qv). *Worzel Gummidge* and *Rentaghost* are not telefantasy because they might get you laughed at in the playground. *Blake's 7* is telefantasy.

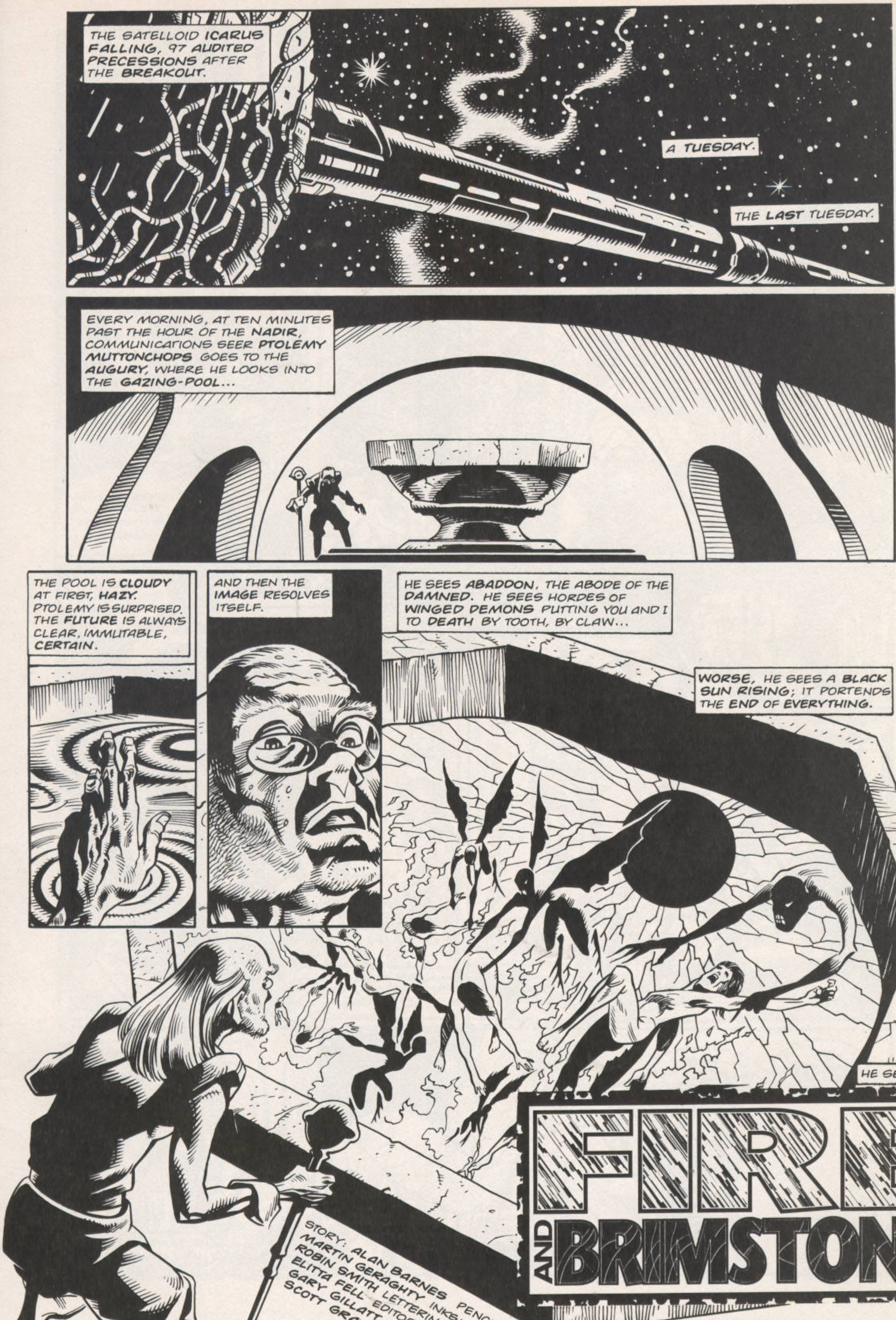
umbrella theme* *n.* vague term used to describe the Key to Time season, the E-Space Trilogy, the Black Guardian Trilogy, the Season Twelve Transmat Tetralogy, the Rani Round-Up, the Eocene Effort, and any other group of *Doctor Who* stories that refer to each other in any way whatsoever.

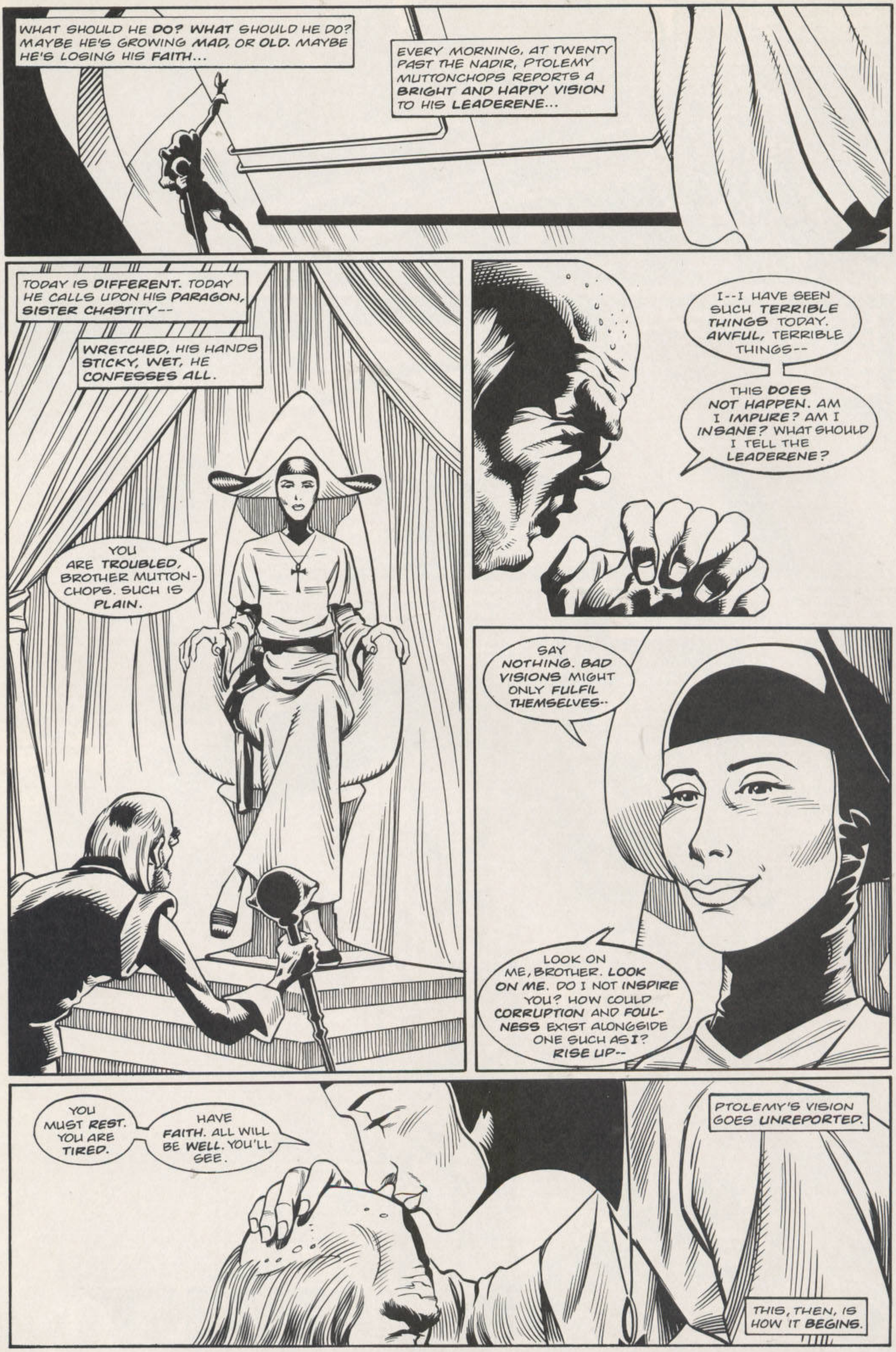
wicked *adj.* 1: used during the Troughton era to denote the utmost depths of evil and depravity, such as when the Daleks threaten to incinerate a beautiful Victorian house. 2: used during the McCoy era to denote the utmost heights of approval and happiness, such as when Ace incinerates a beautiful Victorian house.

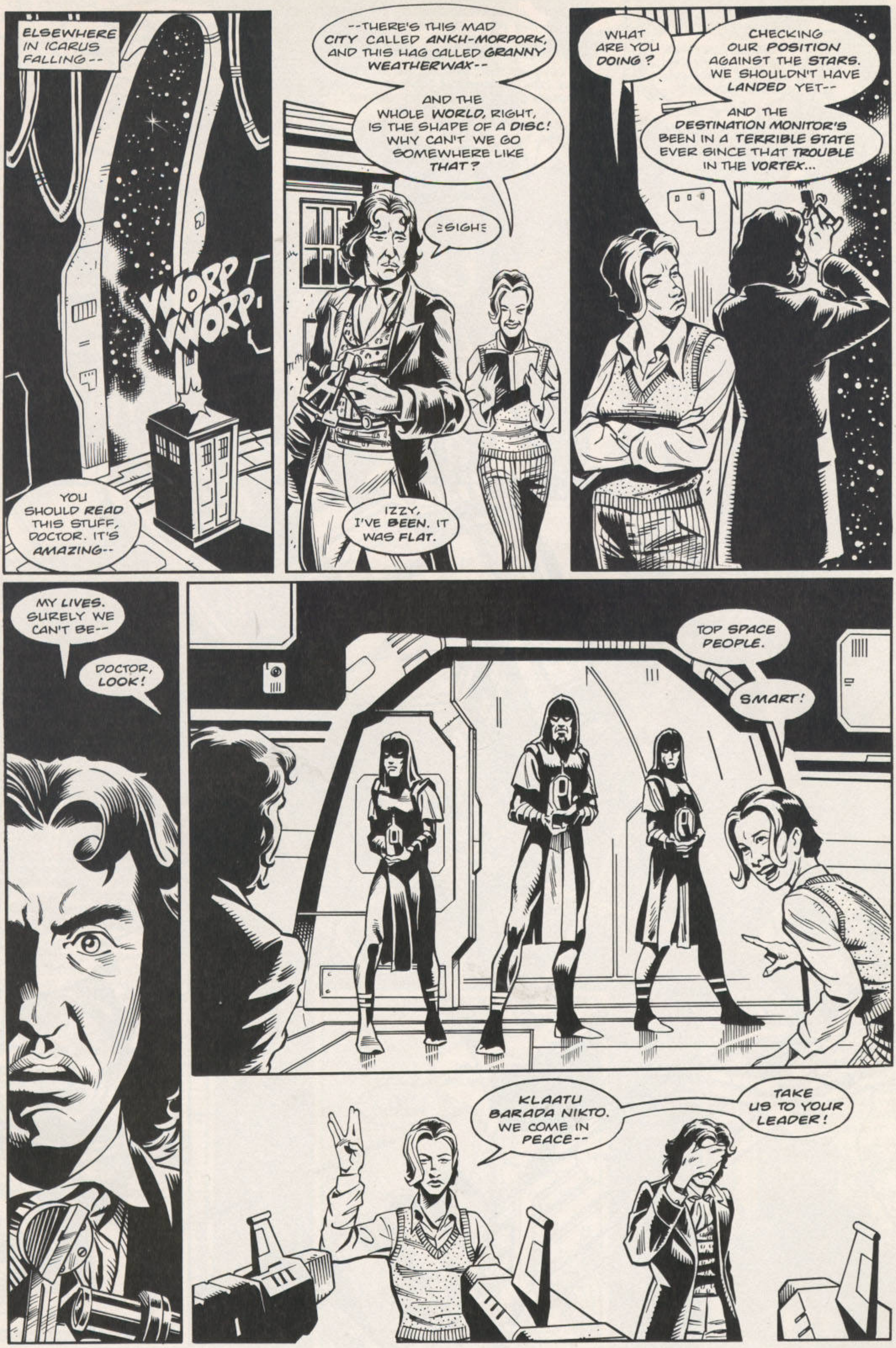
windjammer* *n.* an object with no known properties other than the fact that it requires a captain who is blacked up and wearing a turban, or something.

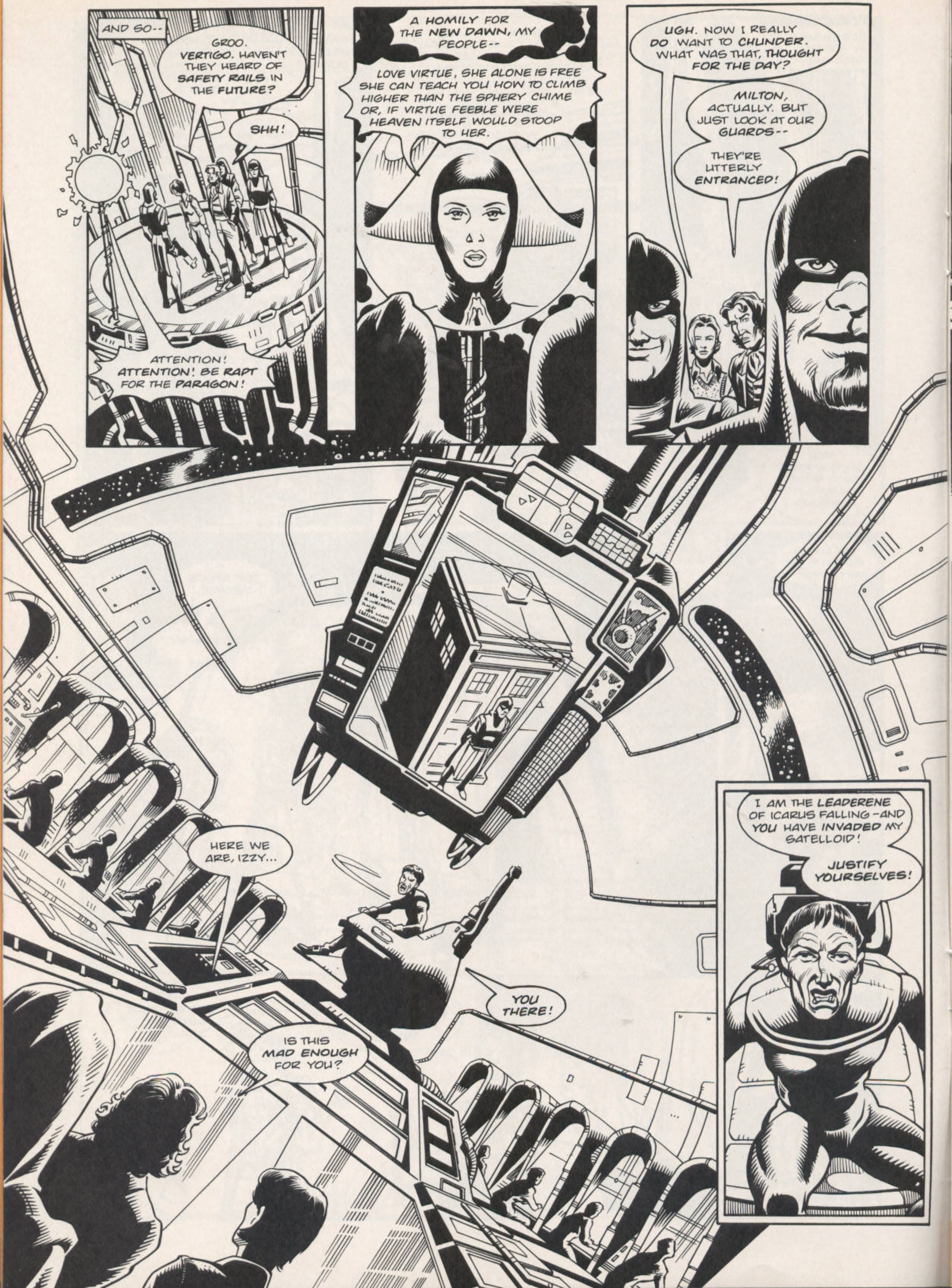
women's lib* *n.* the condition of wearing trousers and refusing to make cups of tea.

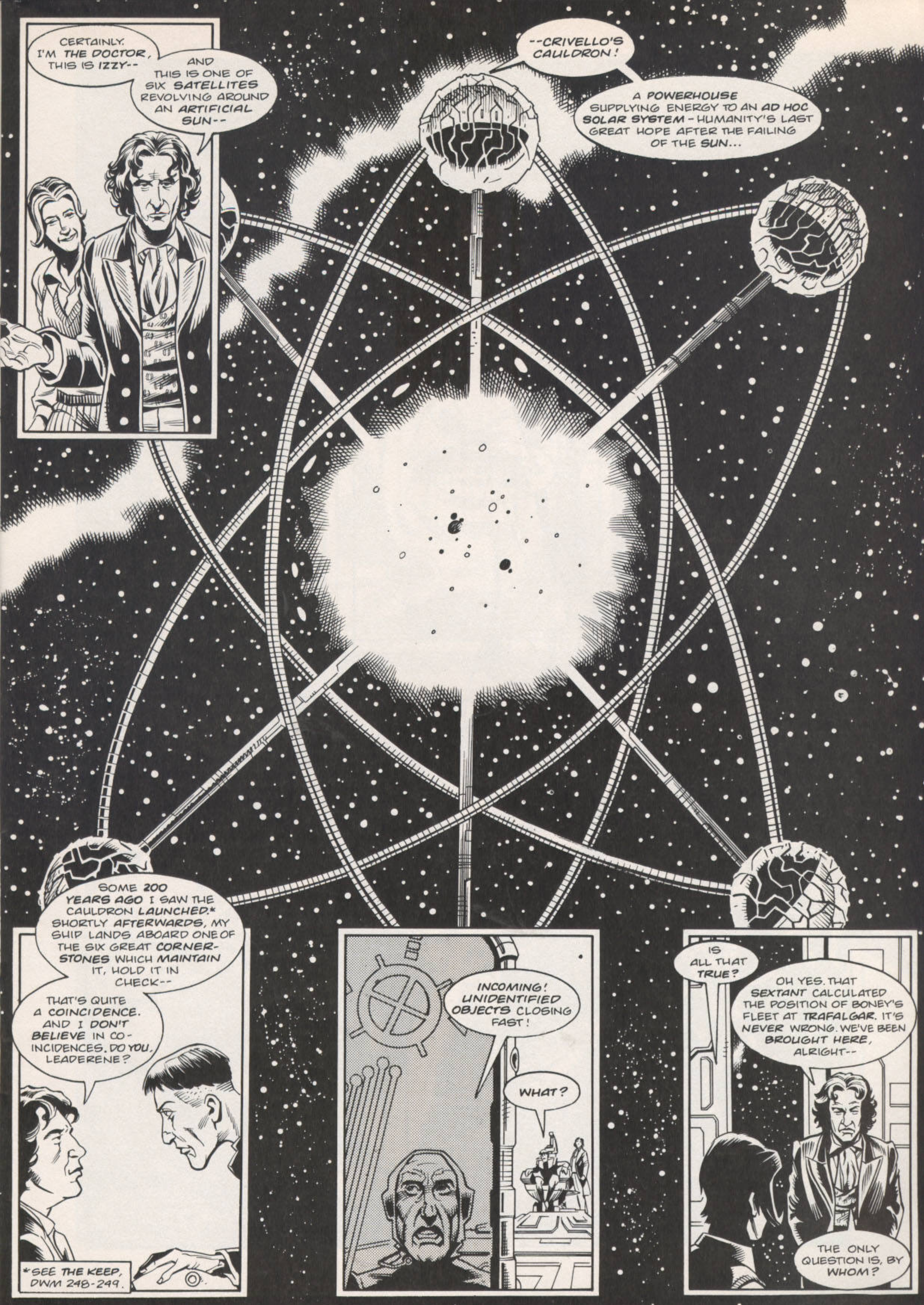
** Please note that all words or phrases marked with an asterisk are not actually known to exist at all outside the world of* Doctor Who *journalism.*

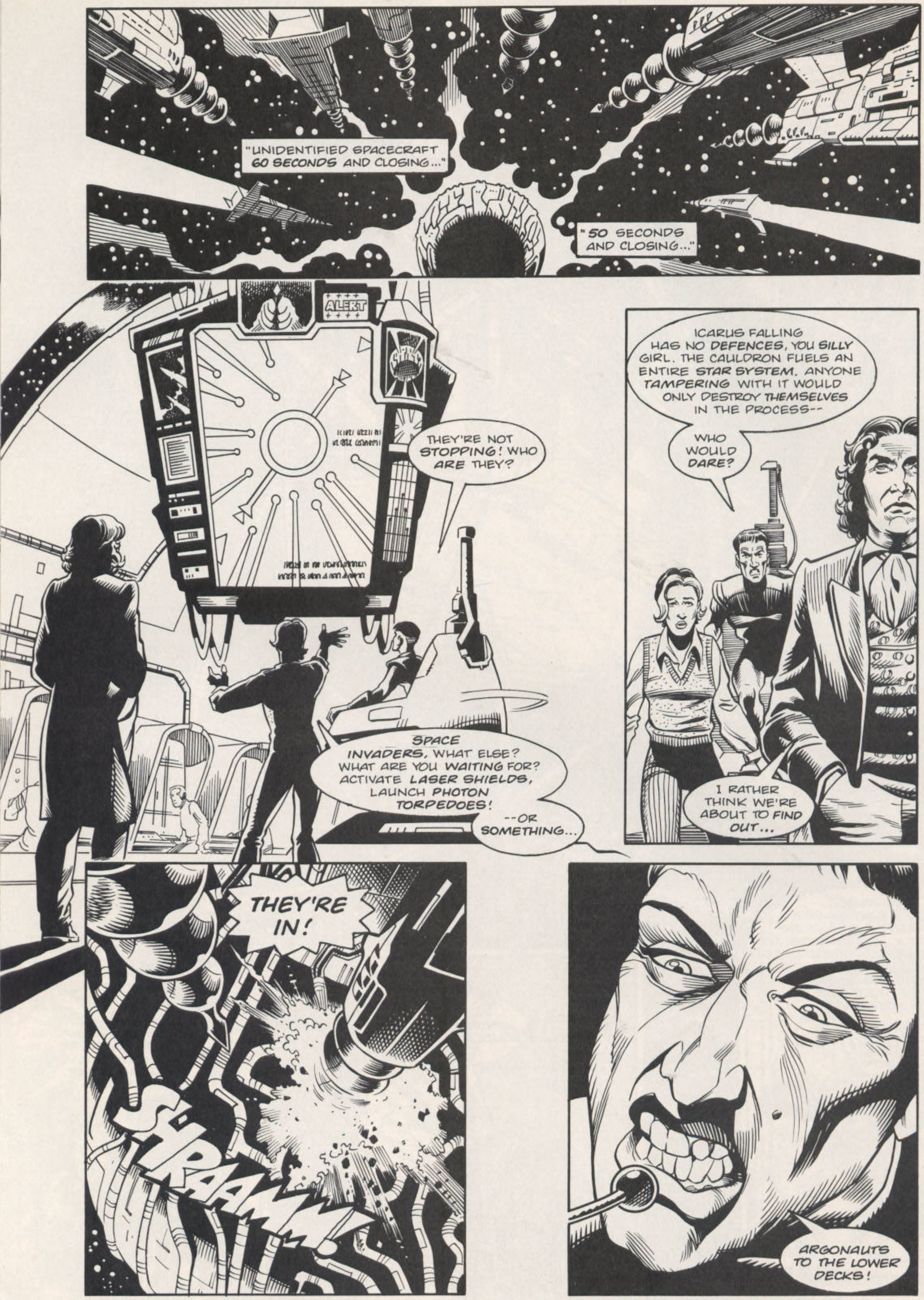

THE SATELLOID ICARUS FALLING, 97 AUDITED PRECESSIONS AFTER THE BREAKOUT.
A TUESDAY.
THE LAST TUESDAY.
EVERY MORNING, AT TEN MINUTES PAST THE HOUR OF THE NADIR, COMMUNICATIONS SEER PTOLEMY MUTTONCHOPS GOES TO THE AUGURY, WHERE HE LOOKS INTO THE GAZING-POOL...
THE POOL IS CLOUDY AT FIRST, HAZY. PTOLEMY IS SURPRISED. THE FUTURE IS ALWAYS CLEAR, IMMUTABLE, CERTAIN.
AND THEN THE IMAGE RESOLVES ITSELF.
HE SEES ABADDON, THE ABODE OF THE DAMNED. HE SEES HORDES OF WINGED DEMONS PUTTING YOU AND I TO DEATH BY TOOTH, BY CLAW...
WORSE, HE SEES A BLACK SUN RISING; IT PORTENDS THE END OF EVERYTHING.
HE SEES...
FIRE AND BRIMSTONE
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL EDITORS: GARY GILLATT and SCOTT GRAY

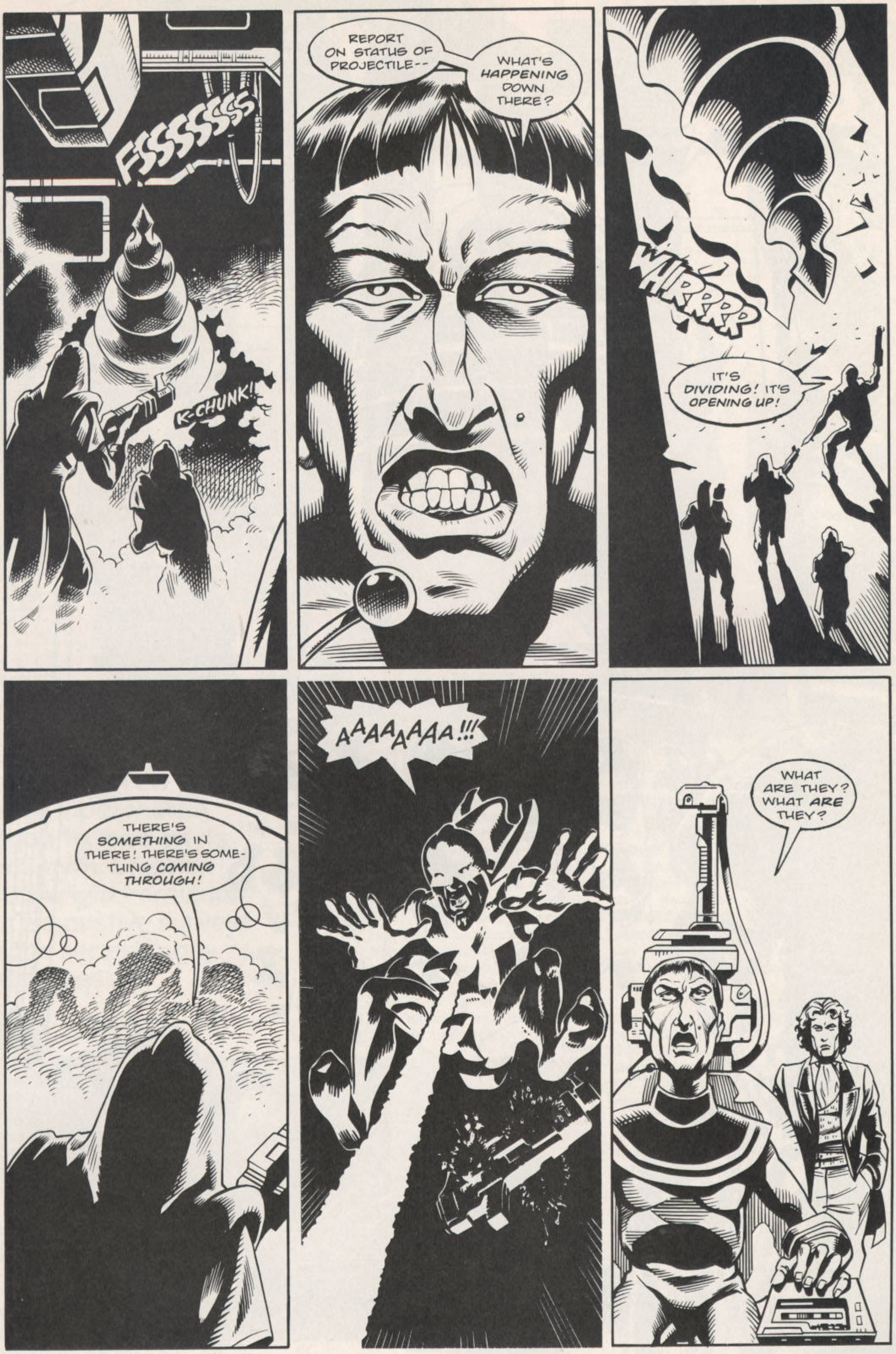

WHAT SHOULD HE DO? WHAT SHOULD HE DO? MAYBE HE'S GROWING MAD, OR OLD. MAYBE HE'S LOSING HIS FAITH...
EVERY MORNING, AT TWENTY PAST THE NADIR, PTOLEMY MUTTONCHOPS REPORTS A BRIGHT AND HAPPY VISION TO HIS LEADERENE...
TODAY IS DIFFERENT. TODAY HE CALLS UPON HIS PARAGON, SISTER CHASTITY--
WRETCHED, HIS HANDS STICKY, WET, HE CONFESSES ALL.
YOU ARE TROUBLED, BROTHER MUTTONCHOPS. SUCH IS PLAIN.
I--I HAVE SEEN SUCH TERRIBLE THINGS TODAY. AWFUL, TERRIBLE THINGS--
THIS DOES NOT HAPPEN. AM I IMPURE? AM I INSANE? WHAT SHOULD I TELL THE LEADERENE?
SAY NOTHING. BAD VISIONS MIGHT ONLY FULFIL THEMSELVES..
LOOK ON ME, BROTHER. LOOK ON ME. DO I NOT INSPIRE YOU? HOW COULD CORRUPTION AND FOULNESS EXIST ALONGSIDE ONE SUCH AS I? RISE UP--
YOU MUST REST. YOU ARE TIRED.
HAVE FAITH. ALL WILL BE WELL. YOU'LL SEE.
PTOLEMY'S VISION GOES UNREPORTED.
THIS, THEN, IS HOW IT BEGINS.

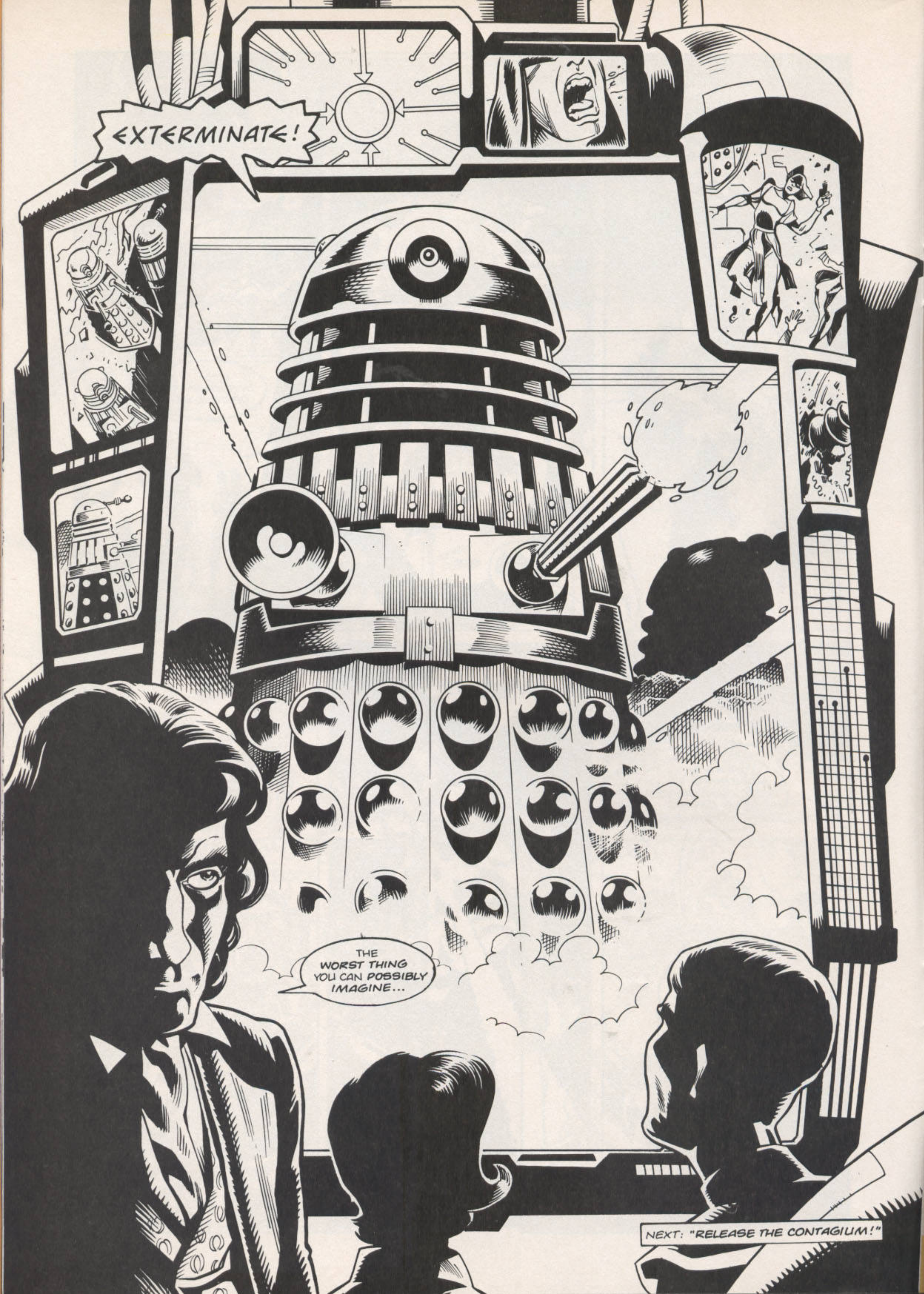

ELSEWHERE IN ICARUS FALLING--
VWORP VWORP
YOU SHOULD READ THIS STUFF, DOCTOR. IT'S AMAZING--
--THERE'S THIS MAD CITY CALLED ANKH-MORPORK, AND THIS HAG CALLED GRANNY WEATHERWAX--
AND THE WHOLE WORLD, RIGHT, IS THE SHAPE OF A DISC! WHY CAN'T WE GO SOMEWHERE LIKE THAT?
SIGH
IZZY, I'VE BEEN. IT WAS FLAT.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CHECKING OUR POSITION AGAINST THE STARS. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LANDED YET--
AND THE DESTINATION MONITOR'S BEEN IN A TERRIBLE STATE EVER SINCE THAT TROUBLE IN THE VORTEX...
MY LIVES. SURELY WE CAN'T BE--
DOCTOR, LOOK!
TOP SPACE PEOPLE.
SMART!
KLAATU BARADA NIKTO. WE COME IN PEACE--
TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER!


AND SO--
GROO. VERTIGO. HAVEN'T THEY HEARD OF SAFETY RAILS IN THE FUTURE?
SHH!
ATTENTION! ATTENTION! BE RAPT FOR THE PARAGON!
A HOMILY FOR THE NEW DAWN, MY PEOPLE--
LOVE VIRTUE, SHE ALONE IS FREE SHE CAN TEACH YOU HOW TO CLIMB HIGHER THAN THE SPHERY CHIME OR, IF VIRTUE FEEBLE WERE HEAVEN ITSELF WOULD STOOP TO HER.
UGH. NOW I REALLY DO WANT TO CHUNDER. WHAT WAS THAT, THOUGHT FOR THE DAY?
MILTON, ACTUALLY. BUT JUST LOOK AT OUR GUARDS--
THEY'RE UTTERLY ENTRANCED!
HERE WE ARE, IZZY...
YOU THERE!
IS THIS MAD ENOUGH FOR YOU?
I AM THE LEADERENE OF ICARUS FALLING-AND YOU HAVE INVADED MY SATELLOID!
JUSTIFY YOURSELVES!

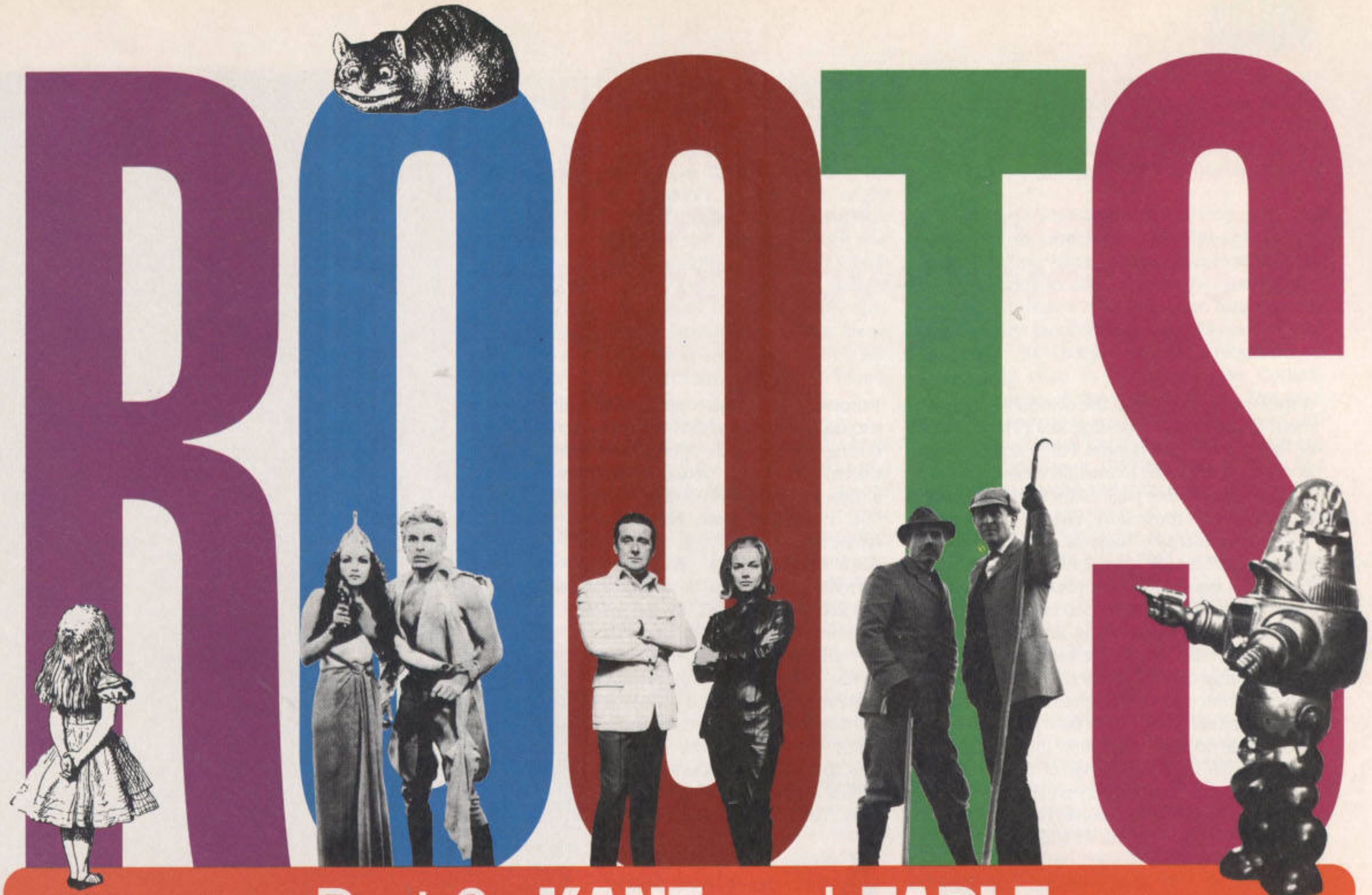

CERTAINLY. I'M THE DOCTOR, THIS IS IZZY--
AND THIS IS ONE OF SIX SATELLITES REVOLVING AROUND AN ARTIFICIAL SUN--
--CRIVELLO'S CAULDRON!
A POWERHOUSE SUPPLYING ENERGY TO AN AD HOC SOLAR SYSTEM - HUMANITY'S LAST GREAT HOPE AFTER THE FAILING OF THE SUN...
SOME 200 YEARS AGO I SAW THE CAULDRON LAUNCHED.* SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MY SHIP LANDS ABOARD ONE OF THE SIX GREAT CORNERSTONES WHICH MAINTAIN IT, HOLD IT IN CHECK--
THAT'S QUITE A COINCIDENCE. AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN COINCIDENCES. DO YOU, LEADERENE?
*SEE THE KEEP, DWM 248-249.
INCOMING! UNIDENTIFIED OBJECTS CLOSING FAST!
WHAT?
IS ALL THAT TRUE?
OH YES. THAT SEXTANT CALCULATED THE POSITION OF BONEY'S FLEET AT TRAFALGAR. IT'S NEVER WRONG. WE'VE BEEN BROUGHT HERE, ALRIGHT--
THE ONLY QUESTION IS, BY WHOM?


"UNIDENTIFIED SPACECRAFT 60 SECONDS AND CLOSING..."
"50 SECONDS AND CLOSING..."
ALERT
THEY'RE NOT STOPPING! WHO ARE THEY?
SPACE INVADERS, WHAT ELSE? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? ACTIVATE LASER SHIELDS, LAUNCH PHOTON TORPEDOES!
--OR SOMETHING...
ICARUS FALLING HAS NO DEFENCES, YOU SILLY GIRL. THE CAULDRON FUELS AN ENTIRE STAR SYSTEM. ANYONE TAMPERING WITH IT WOULD ONLY DESTROY THEMSELVES IN THE PROCESS--
WHO WOULD DARE?
I RATHER THINK WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT...
THEY'RE IN!
SHRAAM
ARGONAUTS TO THE LOWER DECKS!


FSSSSSSS
K-CHUNK!
REPORT ON STATUS OF PROJECTILE--
WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?
WHIRRRR
IT'S DIVIDING! IT'S OPENING UP!
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE! THERE'S SOMETHING COMING THROUGH!
AAAAAAAA!!!
WHAT ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY?


EXTERMINATE!
THE WORST THING YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE...
NEXT: "RELEASE THE CONTAGIUM!"

ROOTS



Part 3 **KANE** and **FABLE**

In the mid-seventies, as its frames of reference grew ever wider, *Doctor Who* began to feed on its own myth. **Stephen Cartwright** continues his exhaustive survey of the series' many influences . . .

In the previous article in this series, I concluded by suggesting that the 1962 film *The Manchurian Candidate* was not merely responsible for *The Deadly Assassin*, but seems to have galvanised writer Robert Holmes' interest in the manipulative potential of television itself throughout his *Doctor Who* career.

In part, *The Deadly Assassin* and *The Manchurian Candidate* are both about the despicable villainy that the movers and shakers of central government can get away with even as the populace is scrutinising their every move on television. But long before Commentator Runcible there was Vorg's MiniScope in *Carnival of Monsters*, the source of numerous jokes about the implications of television viewing, and before that there was *Terror of the Autons*, in which the weapons of mass destruction are distributed by an advertising campaign. Later, Holmes scripts are at the centre of the Colin Baker era's apparent obsession with the unreliability of televisual illusion. In *The Two Doctors* the Sontarans make a holographic mock-up of the Second Doctor's death, while in *The Trial of a Time Lord* the Valeyard and the Master fake the Matrix's evidence and hop in and out of its 'fiction' at will, using the Time Lords' viewing screen as a communication channel. Meanwhile the Borad, the Necrosian DJ and Davros all utilise false screen personae, and the Doctor even challenges the veracity of the Rani's spy-cameras in *The Mark of the Rani*. Perhaps this was all a concerted attempt to foster paranoia in the viewing public; certainly it's all very much in keeping with the infamously media-conscious *Vengeance on Varos*. But more on that season later . . .

Masters of disguise in Season Twenty-Two: (left to right) Davros, The Borad, Necros' DJ.

Not all of *Doctor Who*'s film references are so deeply embedded in its storylines. A great many of them are simply jokes. It's often been noted that *The Romans*, *Doctor Who*'s first sustained attempt at comedy, comes suspiciously hard on the heels of 1964's *Carry On Cleo*; as well as retreading the same period, the story features Gertan Klauber reprising his *Carry On* role as the galley master – one of a number of instances when the very casting of actors in *Doctor Who* seems like a direct wink to the cinema. In *The Sea Devils*, Clive Morton plays a Colonel who is governor of a prison housing a charismatic super-criminal – exactly the role he played in the influential Ealing Studios classic *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. *City of Death*, with its light-hearted tone, Parisian setting, art theft capers and raincoated detectives sidling conspiratorially up and down the Rue de Rivoli, is more than a little reminiscent of Blake Edwards' Pink Panther movies, so who better than Catherine Schell to reprise her *Return*

State of Decay out-Hammers Hammer with its sensually hyperactive cod-medieval vampires.

State of Decay bloodsucker Aukon (left) – and Lalla Ward as the toothsome Helga, one of Hammer's *Vampire Circus*.

of the Pink Panther role as the delectable gangster's moll? There's even a fleeting saxophonic snatch of Henry Mancini's famous Pink Panther theme as she vamps past the mantelpiece near the end of the first episode. (See page 24 for further examples of *Doctor Who*'s musical in-jokes.)

These momentary hints at cinematic models become particularly prevalent during the later Tom Baker stories. The first episode of *The Power of Kroll* contains *Doctor Who*'s second re-hash of *King Kong*, in which a screaming Romana, tied to a stake, awaits sacrifice to the monstrous god of a drum-beating tribe of savages. The Marshmen in *Full Circle* bear a striking resemblance to the classic movie monster *The Creature from the Black Lagoon* (who made no fewer than three film appearances, starting with the 1954 movie of the same title). *State of Decay* out-Hammers Hammer in its luscious deployment of sensually hyperactive cod-medieval vampires, while in addition to a set of opening shots lifted straight out of Ridley Scott's 1979 sci-fi shocker *Alien*, *Warriors' Gate* borrows visually from, of all things, the expressionist films of Jean Cocteau. The Tharils who, according to Steve Gallagher's novelisation, "might have been on the run from a fairy-tale", are based squarely on the appearance of the beast in Cocteau's gorgeous storybook fantasy *La Belle et la Bete* (1946), while the hopping in and out of magic mirrors and the Tharils' two-dimensional domain are straight from *Orphée* (1950), his surreal modernisation of the Orpheus legend. The Fifth Doctor's public school manners, pleasant open face and Edwardian cricketing idiom are all very much of a piece with the early eighties craze for all things flannel-trousered and tank-topped. The phenomenal success of *Brideshead Revisited* and *Chariots of Fire* during 1981, which opened the floodgates for dozens of similar period confections and an almost ceaseless outpouring of Agatha Christie and PG Wodehouse adaptations over the remainder of the decade, means that 1982's *Black Orchid* was a product either of incredible serendipity or of very shrewd market research. Indeed, the world-famous film critic Pauline Kael's memorable evaluation of *Chariots of Fire* – "A piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simple-minded heroic sentiment" – wouldn't be a bad description of many *Doctor Who* stories at the time of the Tom Baker/Peter Davison crossover.

Another piece of BBC lyricism which had enjoyed considerable success a couple of years earlier was the adaptation of John le Carré's espionage novel *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*, dramatised by Arthur Hopcraft and featuring a big-name cast headed by Alec Guinness. The story in part involves an overweight, bespectacled public schoolboy (nicknamed 'Jumbo') being taken under the wing of an enigmatic new master (nicknamed 'Rhino') who has a vintage car and a ramshackle caravan. The schoolmaster is an old soldier who has retired from a top secret government taskforce and is visited by a mysterious stranger bent on unravelling a five year-old secret lost in his memory. If any of this sounds at all familiar, it should come as no surprise that one of the serial's PAs was *Mawdryn Undead* writer Peter Grimwade.

Swamp things: A *Full Circle* Marshman (left) meets his ancestor, *The Creature From the Black Lagoon*.

The arrival of Eric Saward as the series' script editor late in 1981 saw a none-too-subtle shift in *Doctor Who*'s basic frames of reference following the rather delicate, poetic quality of the stories overseen by Christopher Bidmead. For the first time since Robert Holmes' heyday, the cinema was once again a major influence on the programme's immediate content, with a return to the James Bond *milieu* much in evidence – Pat Mills, author of the scrapped eighties story *The Song of the Space Whale*, told **DWM** that he was specifically instructed to write for the Fifth Doctor as "a James Bond" – and, particularly in Saward's own scripts, an interest in the new wave of horror cinema. *Earthshock* and *Resurrection of the Daleks* see yet more borrowings from director Ridley Scott's staggeringly influential *Alien* – Walters yelling 'Get out of there!" as his comrades' life-blips disappear from the tracking equipment is a particularly blatant lift, and Scott's brilliant trick of building up suspense to an unbearable level only to reveal that the supposed monster is a cat was already very old hat by the time Saward included it in his first Dalek story.

It was a period which saw the birth of a new and enormously influential wave of gruesome special effects techniques; the real winners were genuinely imaginative pictures like John Landis' *An American Werewolf in London* and John Carpenter's *The Thing*, which weren't quite disgusting enough to cause a moral panic and found a mainstream audience. However cosy and unthreatening *Doctor Who* might have remained, there can be no denying that during the early eighties the show began to savour the superficial shock elements of the new horror cinema. At times, alas, there was a genuinely sadistic feel to the proceedings. It started innocuously enough with an upping of the 'horror' content in such set pieces as the troopers' frazzled remains in *Earthshock* or the very eighties teen-scream scenario of two boys sleeping in a haunted crypt in *Arc of Infinity* – but elements of *Mawdryn Undead* and *Terminus*, however unfrightening in themselves, were clearly a step towards the then-rampant wave of zombie films inspired by the work of US director George A Romero (*Night of the Living Dead*, et al). By Season Twenty-One we were being offered decapitation (*The Awakening*), live burial (*Frontios*) and a face-melting virus (*Resurrection of the Daleks*). Season Twenty-Two took things even further with its much-discussed parade of hand-crushing, rat-eating, cyanide-smothering, acid-bathing gore. (All of which excess, of course, was subject to the law of diminishing returns, and consequently ended up far less scary than your average Troughton story.)

Amid all this eye-opening material emerged less alarming and more interesting influences. As well as being a virtual remake of *The Daemons*, *The Awakening* derives much of its atmosphere and subject matter from ATV's supernatural chiller *Sapphire and Steel*, whose first story sees Joanna Lumley's Sapphire trapped in a room and about to be executed by ghostly Civil War soldiers. *The Twin Dilemma* seems to see the show attempting to veer off in the whimsical direction of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (a notion pushed home by Saward's attempt at Douglas Adams-style zaniness in his bizarre novelisation of the story and in the 1985 radio serial *Slipback*). In *Revelation of the Daleks*, Saward tips his hat to Richard Fleischer's 1973 film *Soylent Green*, the climax to which sees the discovery that the artificial foodstuff which sustains 21st century New Yorkers is synthesised from dead humans (a twist invented for the film; in the original Harry Harrison novel, *Make Room! Make Room!*, the food is made of a rather less melodramatic mixture of soya and lentils – hence, as they say, the name).

The Tharils might have been on the run from a fairy-tale.

Leo – or Gemini? A *Warriors' Gate* Tharil (left) and *La Belle et la Bete*.

Thankfully pulling back from the brink of real unpleasantness under its next editorial regime, *Doctor Who* continued all the same to take its cue from the contemporary horror cinema. Mags in *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* and the possessed girls in *The Curse of Fenric* are a far cry from the Hammer vampires of *State of Decay*, taking their cue rather from state-of-the-art teen horrors like *The Lost Boys* and *Fright Night*. In the Destroyer and the Haemovores, meanwhile, we had aliens that owed more to Ridley Scott's *Legend* (1984) than to the rubber-suited B-movie monsters of the fifties which had for so long inspired *Doctor Who*'s most memorable creations. Much of new script editor Andrew Cartmel's inspiration seems to have come from media other than film and television, but all the same the fact that many of his scriptwriters were self-confessed film buffs permeates the McCoy era. *Time and the Rani* begins with what looks like a visual reference to *The Wizard of Oz* as the TARDIS is plucked over the rainbow, to a land where a wicked witch holds sway with her flying monkey servants and the young heroine has to team up with a motley band of bizarre locals to save the day (indeed, in the film the good witch Glinda makes her first entrance in a giant floating bubble just like the Rani's). Ace, of course, reminds us once again of Dorothy via her miraculous journey to Iceworld, her eventual return home, and, not least, her name. Her introductory story *Dragonfire* is a thick mesh of references, again borrowing heavily from the *Alien* franchise (James Cameron's blockbusting sequel *Aliens* was released only a year earlier), not only in the physical appearance of the BioMechanoid but also in the set-piece "ANT-hunt" (the Space Marines in *Aliens* talk of a "Bug-hunt") in which chunky weapons with built-in tracking devices nearly spell the end for a fugitive infant hiding beneath the clattering metal walkways.

Dragonfire is also steeped in the iconography of vampire films, particularly where the light-hating, coffin-dwelling villain Kane is concerned, so it can be no coincidence that Glitz's ship is named after Friedrich Murnau's 1922 silent film *Nosferatu*, the cinema's first (and unauthorised, hence the title) adaptation of *Dracula*. Equally, 'Nosferatu' is suspiciously close to 'Nostromo', the Conrad-inspired name of the ship in *Alien*. The Nazi images, treasure-maps, mystical forces and climactic melting of Kane's face are all straight out of Steven Spielberg's 1981 hit *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, itself an unashamed revival of the 'cliffhanger serial' brew of booby-traps, chase scenes and ever-thickening plots which for so long have defined *Doctor Who*. Kane's name itself is perhaps a reference to Killer Kane, villain of the 1939 Buck Rogers serial, or even just a namecheck for *Citizen Kane*, the 1941 Orson Welles classic often esteemed by cinephiles as the greatest film ever made. The naming of one of the other characters as Bazin, presumably after film historian and renowned *Citizen Kane* apologist André Bazin, seems to lend weight to this possibility, even though the film's narrative similarities with *Dragonfire* are at best slim. Both Kanes, one supposes, are cold men whose ruthless actions belie an obsessive yearning for something lost and unattainable, and there's plenty of snow imagery associated with both, but beyond that it's all a bit tenuous. (Note also that, besides Bazin, several other characters are named after Film/Cultural Studies *eminence grises*: Pudovkin, after revolutionary twenties Russian director Vsevolod Pudovkin, plus critics Belaz, Kracauer, McLuhan and Arnheim.) It might seem glib to offer Jimmy Perry and David Croft's holiday camp sitcom *Hi-De-Hi* as a source for *Delta and the Bannermen*'s high jinks, but the obvious links are irrefutable – and arguably the story would have been even more enjoyable if director Chris Clough had gone the whole hog and included a set of "You Have Been Watching . . ." closing credits. On a more straight-faced note, Cartmel's Nazi fixation is once more in evidence in the form of the genocidal Bannermen, and after variations on the same subject matter in *Paradise Towers*, *Remembrance of the Daleks* and *The Happiness Patrol*, it's scarcely any surprise when *Silver Nemesis* finally puts its cards on the table with, astonishingly, *Doctor Who*'s first ever 'real' World War II Germans. The Nazi war criminal emerging from his hideyhole in South America comes to us via a string of popular cinema thrillers typified by *Marathon Man* (1976) and *The Boys From Brazil* (1978), while the casting of Anton Diffring as their commander is in itself tantamount to a 'reference' to countless war films.

Among all its borrowings and references, *Doctor Who* has, of course, frequently patched into elements of its own history as the basis for a story; the Barry Letts/Terrance Dicks seasons and the John Nathan-Turner/Eric Saward ones contain the best examples. *The Sea Devils* is a virtual retread of *Doctor Who and the Silurians* with different locations, while *Planet of the Daleks* recreates entire scenes from the first Dalek serial. *Earthshock* is practically a 'Cybermen's greatest hits' (the traitorous crewmember and bomb-laden ship set to crashland come straight from *Revenge of the Cybermen*, the bursting out from cocoons is from *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and *The Invasion*, the militaristic marching and the battle of wills as the Cybermen attempt to cut their way into the bridge are from *The Moonbase*, the set-piece speechifying about emotions is from *The Tenth Planet*, and so on), while *Resurrection of the Daleks* does the same for the Daleks (in addition to the direct plot continuity with *Destiny of the Daleks*, there are variations on the Mind Analysis scene from *Day of the Daleks*, the dockland locations of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth*, the Doctor's onerous moral dilemma about killing from *Genesis of the Daleks*, the civil war from *The Evil of the Daleks*, and on and on and on). *Attack of the Cybermen* depends on the viewer having a working knowledge of *The Tenth Planet* and *The Tomb of the Cybermen*. Sometimes these reworkings are successful and enjoyable; on other occasions they seem to sacrifice the story in hand in favour of a tiresome game of spot-the-reference. Fittingly enough, the last *Doctor Who* story to be made at the BBC contains one of the most direct of all the show's references to its own past. Revelling in a heady atmosphere of literary Victoriana, *Ghost Light* refers directly to its spiritual predecessor *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* as the Doctor enquires "That wouldn't be a Chinese fowling piece, would it?" It may be no more than a heavily submerged in-joke undetectable to the casual viewer, but it serves to illustrate just how far *Doctor Who* had developed by 1989, and how aware it had become of the weight of its own history. Like the *Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* jokes in the same story ("Who was it said Earthmen never invite their ancestors round for dinner?" and "No more than a hamburger knows about the Amazon desert"), it seems now to betray a programme approaching the end of a particular cycle. The new, transatlantic vision of *Doctor Who* looks to different sources to draw up a frame of reference for the nineties; clearly the new wave of American television fantasy, primarily *The New Adventures of Superman*, *The X Files* and the ongoing *Star Trek* phenomenon, have already wrought their influence on *Doctor Who*'s new characters and format, not to mention its theme tune arrangement. What their long-term effects may be we must to wait to discover.

In the remaining articles in this series, we will be turning our attention away from film and television to examine the influence on *Doctor Who* of the written word – from science fiction to Romantic poetry, from Shakespeare to Sherlock Holmes.

> **By the eighties, the series had become aware of the weight of its own history.**

Incidentally . . .

There are countless instances of music being performed on screen by characters within *Doctor Who* stories, but somewhat rarer are those occasions when the incidental score itself starts getting referential. The *Doctor Who* theme has been 'quoted' numerous times, perhaps most memorably at the climax of *Logopolis*. But here are some rather more esoteric references perpetrated by incidental musicians . . .

EPISODE	MUSICAL QUOTATION
The Ambassadors of Death Episode 1 composer Dudley Simpson	The Recovery 7 link-up is accompanied by a blatant parody of the Hammond Organ swirls of Procol Harum's *A Whiter Shade of Pale*, the song used as a theme tune during BBC coverage of the Apollo missions at the time.
The Stones of Blood Part Two composer Dudley Simpson	As the Doctor dispatches an Ogri in bullfighting style, the score slips into a tongue-in-cheek *Paso Doble*.
Earthshock Part One composer Malcolm Clarke	Nyssa discovers "lots of bones" and the point is pressed home by a plinky-plonky rendition of Fossils from Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals*. (Throughout *Earthshock*, Clarke also lifts a funereal phrase from Mahler's Third Symphony.)
Time-Flight Part One composer Roger Limb	As the Doctor and co are ferried to the waiting Concorde, Limb goes into in-joke overdrive with a snippet of the early eighties British Airways "We'll Take Good Care of You" commercial.
Attack of the Cybermen Part One composer Malcolm Clarke	The TARDIS materialises at Totter's Lane to the strains of Ron Grainer's second most famous junkyard-related composition, the *Steptoe and Son* theme. A nation groans. Later in the same episode the TARDIS adopts the guise of a church organ, and the Doctor's performance of Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor* is picked up in Clarke's score. A nation starts getting irritated.
Delta and the Bannermen Part Two composer Keff McCulloch	As the Doctor races to find the errant Delta before she can be cornered by Gavrok's killers, he is accompanied by that most 1950s of tunes *The Devil's Gallop*, otherwise known as BBC radio's *Dick Barton* theme.

Horns a-plenty: *Battlefield*'s Destroyer (left) and an elder brother from the film *Legend*.

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We'll always have PARIS

Co-ordinating *Doctor Who*'s first ever overseas location shoot proved tricksome enough – but it was star Tom Baker who nearly drove the series' producer in Seine. In the final part of this series of interviews, Philip Newman listens in as Graham Williams goes *a la recherche du temps perdu . . .*

Season Seventeen introduced a new look for a certain Time Lady. In the opening scenes of *Destiny of the Daleks,* the Doctor's companion, Romana, regenerated off-screen – *Armageddon Factor* supporting actress Lalla Ward's distinctive features substituting those of the outgoing Mary Tamm.

"I think Lalla was sort of an accident in that we got news that she would be interested in playing the companion at about the same time that Mary Tamm decided not to go again, so it seemed fortuitous," remembered producer Graham some five years later. "I didn't know Mary was pregnant, but I'd already had a lot of thoughts about the vulnerability of Romana as a character. I think I'd tried to break the mould of the 'screaming companion' too much – or succeeded too well, whichever way you want to look at it – and Romana was in danger of becoming too self-sufficient. Lalla, I thought, seemed a lot more vulnerable than Mary, if nothing else because she was 18 inches shorter. We didn't have a regeneration because we'd all got a bit bored with that same old 'roll back and mix' shot really. We thought, 'Let's have a fun scene with the Doctor and Romana shouting and calling through and you don't know who's going to appear, and suddenly there she is – she's decided to put on a new body!' We just thought she'd choose a body like we'd take clothes out of a wardrobe, that's all."

Free of the restrictions imposed by the previous year's running Key to Time narrative, Graham was once more able to juggle the transmission order of the first three stories of the season. Hence David Fisher's *The Creature from the Pit,* the first story to be made, was scheduled third for transmission, whilst the third into production, *Destiny of the Daleks*, was designated as the season opener. Slotted between these two tales was a story co-written by Graham that would become one of the most popular *Doctor Who* adventures of all time.

"*City of Death* was my favourite story from my time on the show, probably because we got the idea, developed it into prose and then made it work pretty much the way we wanted it to. And the excitement of that was smashing! It was another 'midnight oil' script, written under idiotic circumstances after a script [David Fisher's *A Gamble with Time*] had fallen down; Douglas [Adams, script editor] and I did an *Invasion of Time* exercise all over again. This time, though, we were not only able to select a story that appealed to us very much, but also to keep the logistics under control, writing for the facilities we knew we were going to have. So it turned out as one had hoped it would, cheaper to go to Paris than to shoot at Ealing . . ."

With a plot taking in both the painting of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* and an alien splintered throughout Time, Graham found the opportunity to permit the Doctor to indulge in heavyweight classical name-dropping somewhat irresistible. "Well, Leonardo had some extremely witty scientific ideas that were, each and every one of them, iconoclastic, so we thought, 'Well, obviously, he learnt it all from the Doctor, didn't he?' No other explanation sits comfortably upon it! That was all very firmly tongue-in-cheek because the Doctor can always make these extravagant claims in the full and certain knowledge that the person involved isn't around the corner to confound him. Besides, those references were almost always put in a circumstance where it was entirely ambiguous as to whether or not the Doctor was actually telling the truth, or whether it was hyperbole, imagination or simply a case of him scoring a debating point."

Perhaps one of the most memorable elements of *City of Death* is its distinctive incidental music score, courtesy of *Doctor Who*'s longest-serving (and, during Graham's tenure, sole) composer, Dudley Simpson. "I always thought Dudley's stuff complemented the programme beautifully. He was so clever at putting all those 'stings' in, with 'running' music and 'standing-still' music and everything else, and he didn't mind me talking in those terms. A lot of musicians would be deeply offended if I said, 'Give me a bit of 'running' music here', but Dudley would say, 'Alright, Graham, that's OK!'. If, for some reason, I had said, 'Look, why don't we have the effect of a hundred and one strings here,' he would know perfectly well that he couldn't go out and book a hundred and one strings, but he'd give you the effect anyway. He was amazingly quick and inexpensive – never cheap, but always inexpensive. I had a lot of time for Dudley. He was very underrated. I think he operated in the shadow of Ron Grainer quite a lot, but he delivered every time."

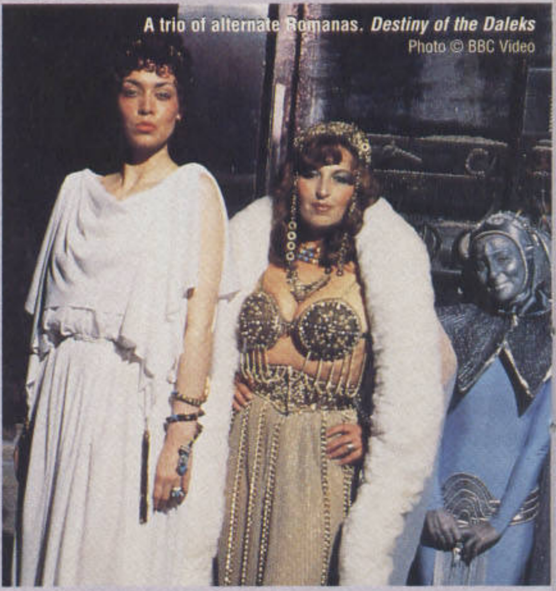
The story's viewing figures soared to an all time high; Part Four drew an incredible audience of 16.1 million. "With most big drama series, once you get past a certain establishment procedure – when everybody's got faith in the idea and the audience is interested in it – it takes on its own sort of chemical process, and that's certainly what happened with *Doctor Who.* It generates its own audience really. I don't think you can ever really aim specifically at attracting large audiences, but as long as you keep plugging away at something that you believe is commendable then I think people will watch. I mean, I was never overly concerned although obviously it did concern me – about whether we were getting nine, ten or 11 million viewers or whatever tuning in week after week. However, I think I would have been a bit worried if we had started to sink much below eight million; I used to reckon that we had a bedrock of about six-and-a-half to seven million viewers, so that would have meant we were starting to rely on our own fan-base without actually interesting anybody else."

BBC Video (3)

The last episode also featured cameo appearances by two of Britain's finest comedy actors, John Cleese and Eleanor Bron. "I honestly had no objection to working with Eleanor and John! Initially, when we talked about it, I agreed wholeheartedly with John's concern that he didn't want it to over-balance and suddenly become 'The John Cleese Show featuring Tom Baker'. So, at his request and with my agreement, we kept the pre-show publicity down to an absolute minimum. After the show, it was fine, because obviously everybody had seen it and was saying, 'Did I really see John Cleese on *Doctor Who* last night?' But then, an awful lot of actors want to do *Doctor Who* because they have exactly the same experience as myself: having worked in television for more than 20 years, my little boy wouldn't believe I did anything for a living until I produced *Doctor Who*. At that point, I started being a real guy! Julian Glover's children discovered that he made *Doctor Who*, and that was OK! They could relate to that. So actors were falling over themselves to do it.

"Directors weren't always quite so enthusiastic. In fact, a very large number of eminent directors say they want to do a *Doctor Who* until you offer them one! What puts them off firstly is the time they take to do – a single four-parter takes as much time as they'd normally devote to a cinema feature – and the money isn't terribly good. Above all, they are terrified of its complexity, and understandably so, because the director has a desperately demanding schedule to keep to. Basically, though, people did *Doctor Who* because they wanted to, and because it's fun. Indeed, that element of fun was sometimes the only thing that kept you going."

Much has been said and written over the years about the joys and horrors of working with Tom Baker. As producer during the height of Tom's popularity as the Doctor, Graham was perhaps ideally situated to gain a broader perspective of the man and his temperament. "Well, Tom could be incredibly unkind and sometimes he went over the top. I mean, quite often we would be tearing our hair out in the gallery while he was going through some of his antics downstairs. But I didn't really suffer from Tom's temper. I think that with Tom being 'all man', as they say, he perhaps distanced himself quite severely from the female companions because he reacted quite strongly against ladies he was attracted to. In many ways, I think he was more severe on Lalla because he wanted to make sure that [their off-screen relationship] didn't interfere with his work. However, considering the load he had to bear – he had a huge responsibility on the show, after all – I think he coped pretty well. I mean, Tom was marvellous about handling children and all that. Now, fond of a cigarette and a gin-and-tonic is our Tom, but if you took him anywhere, for a book-signing session or whatever, you'd never see him with anything like that in front of the kids. He always had a little room he could go to. He was wonderful. I know I couldn't sustain it – I didn't!



A trio of alternate Romanas. *Destiny of the Daleks*
Photo © BBC Video

"I do think Tom went on too long, though. Four years is probably the optimum length of time to play the Doctor; three years is a little bit too short, but you leave them wanting more, and five years is just a bit too long. By the time I left, Tom had been doing the show for six years – a very long time – and he had talked a lot about leaving. Indeed, at one point, it seemed absolutely certain that I might even outlast him or that he and I would go together, although he eventually decided to stay for another season. I mean, I used to have conversations with Tom and he would say, 'Christ, I've got to walk down this bloody corridor. I've walked down a million corridors, how do I do it this time?' I'd say, 'Tom, I'm afraid it's exactly like last time. You've got to get to B from A. It might be very boring for you, but the audience is still going to expect you to do it'. And after six years, I can well imagine an actor being very frustrated about having to walk down exactly the same corridor that's just been painted a different colour. So why put yourself through it? I mean, in that time you've probably done as much with a part as you're ever going to want to. Certainly, I don't think Tom will ever shake off *Doctor Who*. The press and, by and large, the audience are always going to call him Doctor Who in a way that Jon Pertwee has got away from mainly because people now call him Worzel Gummidge. But, you know, actors are stuck with that; if you're going to make huge amounts of money in a fairly major part, you can't be seen to be too vitriolic about having to live with it.

"We would be tearing our hair out in the gallery while Tom was going

"Having worked on lots and lots of series, I've also noticed that there's a different atmosphere on programmes which share the same name as the main character because all your unbidden thoughts are governed by the fact that your lead actor is the star of the show. Not unreasonably, the weight of the part is thrust upon him and all the publicity is attached to him, but above everything else, you know perfectly well that if he drops down dead in the middle of the studio you haven't got a show! That's why lots of shows don't have a star as such, or are of a format where a star can be replaced immediately. *Doctor Who* is curious in that it is a combination of both, because you've got the ultimate re-casting device . . ."

Given that Tom had "talked a lot about leaving", the notion of regenerating the Doctor must have surfaced from time to time. Had Graham considered anyone in particular for the role? "I had lots of thoughts about who might replace Tom, but I never tested any of them far enough as to imagine them in a script, and I don't know that any of them would actually have been right. I wouldn't deliberately have gone for a total unknown any more than I would have gone for a star, but I would certainly never have cast anybody who either looked like Tom, was in remotely the same age bracket or of the same physical appearance. I think you'd be asking for so much trouble if you tried making *Doctor Who* Tom Baker-style without Tom Baker. No, the only way to do something that major is to do it for real, but when it comes down to it, I think 98% of your choices would go out of the window just on things like stamina. I mean, there are a number of actors who look dead right for the part, but those who would actually have the physical stamina to go through one of those production years are very few and far between. Having said that, I think that if I'd had to re-cast the Doctor, I would have reverted automatically, instinctively, towards a crusty old gentleman, and some of the thoughts that crossed my mind were people like Geoffrey Bayldon." The former *Catweazle* star had appeared as craggy seer Organon in *The Creature From the Pit*. "Considering the problems of stamina and all," mused Graham, "I think Geoffrey would have made a very good Doctor."

"After touring Notre Dame, we bumped into a hideous alien monstrosity. Which was nice." *City of Death*
Photo © BBC Video

"The most curious thing about the piece is its wonderful a-functionalism . . ."

Since its broadcast, *City of Death* has acquired a certain cachet – that of the Wittiest *Doctor Who* Story Ever Made. Its drollery was not lost on highbrow academics John Tulloch and Manuel Alvarado, whose studious analysis of Douglas Adams' and Graham Williams' teleplay was published inside the Cultural Studies tome *Doctor Who: The Unfolding Text*. According to Tulloch and Alvarado, the Williams era could be contextualized as "part of the movement of modernist (or 'meta') SF which 'acquires its narrative force from laying bare the conventions of science fiction and subverting its transparent language of mimesis and believability . . . it employs a self-reflexive discourse acutely aware of its own aesthetic status and artificiality.'" Such an approach might be exemplified by the *City of Death* scene in which two art critics (John Cleese and Eleanor Bron) discuss the TARDIS' shape, believing it to be an avant-garde installation in a Parisienne gallery: "The most curious thing about the piece is its wonderful a-functionalism . . . since it has no call to be here the art lies in the fact that it is here." Whereupon the Doctor and chums barge past, race inside, and the box dematerialises: "Exquisite, absolutely exquisite," murmurs the other. Williams regarded such achievements with a certain modesty: "I was trying to tell a good story without trying too much at anything else, and I'm delighted and vastly moved by the interpretations put upon it, particularly in books like *The Unfolding Text*. Wonderful!"

City of Death
Photo © BBC Video

City of Death authors Douglas Adams (left) and Graham Williams
Photo © Jackie Williams

Splinterface: one of twelve Scaroths of the Jagaroth.
City of Death
Photo © BBC Video

Tom Baker has often described the role of the Doctor as 'actor-proof', since it has successfully survived several changes of actor. Graham clearly thought otherwise: "I think that's a generous statement from an actor who can do it, probably! I mean, I can think of a hundred million parts in which I could never accept Tom Baker at all, even though he's a very fine actor. The only thing that I think is absolutely necessary is that when it comes to facing down the villain of the year in the last reel of the show, you've got to believe that the Doctor can actually defeat him and save the Universe, and Tom *always* had that for me. He had that authority, that standing. He could say, 'Don't do it' and mean it. That's why I let him do so much fooling around and allowed the Doctor to poke fun at himself. I know a lot of the fans hated it, but I thought that if Tom's particular generation of the Doctor was capable of doing that, then he should do so. It's also why I could never honestly imagine either Colin Baker or Peter Davison in the part. I suppose there's no real reason why the Doctor shouldn't actually get himself a younger body, except that if you drop much below 30, you're then talking about him becoming an 'older brother' to the younger element of the audience rather than their father figure. It's the authority thing again, and I'd certainly have thought that Peter Davison was easily at the bottom range of age to be believable."

Bearing in mind that both his predecessor and successor in the producer's chair had, on various occasions, been subject to pressure from the higher echelons of the BBC, Graham was asked to what extent he had felt their influence. "Well, you'd get the direct line of command – the Controller of BBC1, the head of your drama group and head of department – all on your neck in the nicest possible way, telling you over drinks that 'You are, of course, the anchor for our Saturday night viewing . . . how's it going?' But the BBC were very good actually, because at the least tremor of alarm about something, they'd let you know that they were aware of it and that you nevertheless had their support if you wanted to try something new. When pressure was brought to bear on me, I didn't bow under it and it didn't seem very severe at the time, although it did sometimes lead to long periods of silence from upstairs! But I never suffered, and nobody ever told me – certainly not until the last six months or so – what I couldn't do. They said, 'Try anything'."

So, why did Graham finally decide to leave the series? "Because I was exhausted. I was absolutely shattered! I was also quite keen that my little boy shouldn't start calling the milkman 'Daddy', you know? Things like that. I had to take a break. I mean, I was a total workaholic on *Doctor Who* because it just demanded that much attention. It took me 18 months to recover from being chucked on to the show at two months' notice, and from then right up until the next September, I was just chasing my own tail. I was unprepared to the *n*th degree. In fact, working on *Doctor Who* taught me more about preparation than anything else; whether you've got time or not, prepare for it. Graeme MacDonald [then Head of Series and Serials] very kindly wanted me to do that fourth year – and I'm not sure either of us actually believed me when I said, 'No' but I just couldn't face it. So I persuaded John Nathan-Turner to apply for the job."

Unfortunately, Graham's departure from *Doctor Who* was to be marred by a series of events completely beyond his control when production of his intended finale, Douglas Adams' *Shada*, went completely awry; after only a small proportion of its total length had been shot, the serial was abandoned altogether. "Even though we'd saved up a lot of money to make *Shada* look very expensive by trying to make other scripts less costly – *The Horns of Nimon*, for example, was made on a shoestring – we didn't actually spend a great deal on it in the end because it was hit by strikes; every time we went into the studio, they pulled the plugs. It was a terrible downer. In fact, it was because I was determined not to go out on a total write-off that Tom and I flew out to Los Angeles for the first American *Doctor Who* convention. They couldn't believe it when we arrived; they said, 'You're the first television people who've ever kept their word!' In fact, I suppose I started the whole convention ball rolling, didn't I? So I feel a notch bitter that I haven't been invited back particularly as I had to fly at my own expense because the BBC wouldn't pay for me! And I never got my money back either . . ."

Lounging around in the Movellan spaceship.
Destiny of the Daleks
Photo © BBC Video

> "If they ever decided to take *Doctor Who* off the television, that would, I imagine, be the end"

By the mid-eighties, some quarters of *Doctor Who* fandom had become increasingly vociferous in their criticism of the way the programme was made and the people who made it, past or present. Graham's three seasons – particularly the third – were often the focal point of such attacks. "Someone asked me recently if I felt that the amount of flak I was getting from the fans was justified, but I was – and still am – absolutely unaware of what I'm supposed to be coming in for at all! I don't know what was going on with the fans during Philip's time, but whilst I was producing, it seemed there was more interest in the programme than ever before. Whether or not this was because we were responding to an interest that was already there, or whether it was going to happen historically anyway, I've no way of saying, but we certainly took a tremendous amount of time out of the actual production of the programme to take care of it. My secretary, Ann Rickard, and I instigated a system whereby all the fan-mail was replied to – we spent a fortune on photographs – and made sure that everything we could do was done. In fact, the interest was such that in my last year I asked if I could have some back-up in the form of an associate producer and/or another secretary. They said, 'No' to both, yet, in the last six months, I was criticised for spending too much time on the Enterprises side of things and too much time with the fans! But that's part and parcel of life, I suppose . . .

"Most of the time, I tried to open the gates, to let the fans into whatever was going on by way of interviews or visits to the studio or whatever, whilst also trying to ensure that they didn't sell BBC property or breach artist's copyright. However, we reached a point during year three where I had to say, 'Look fellas, if I keep letting you come round or answering in the sort of detail you're asking, I just won't have time to make the programme.' After a while, you have to decide where your priorities are and, invariably, my first priority was the programme because everything else sprang from that. But with some very obnoxious people whose names I can't remember, I felt that every time my hand was extended, it got severely bitten off! I eventually had to say, 'You are one of ten million people out there. I'm deeply sorry if it offends you, but I do actually care more for them than I do for you individually, and I've got to divide up the resources with that in mind!'"

Going underground: Organon (Geoffrey Bayldon) and the Doctor face *The Creature From the Pit*
Photo © BBC Video

Paradise proves a little too green for the Doctor.
Nightmare of Eden
Photo © BBC Video

Looking back over his three years on the show, could Graham sum up his contribution to the series? "Well, I've really no idea what my contribution to *Doctor Who* was, although I think there must have been a difference because people are still talking about it. Whether it was a good or bad difference, I'm unable to say. I have never got a similar response to any other show I've produced, and I've certainly not responded to a programme like that before or since. I don't expect to in a way – there aren't many programmes that make the same demands of finding locations, stories and monsters! – because it was part of my own development as well. Other programmes don't seem easy by comparison, though I've yet to come across a problem in another show that I didn't meet on *Doctor Who*. Whether it requires the same solution now is a different matter.

"By and large, I did *Doctor Who* the way I wanted to do it, and certainly the way I had to do it. In almost every case I can think of, I was working virtually out of necessity. Nine times out of ten, I suppose, it's not the way I would have chosen to do it, but I can look back now and there are probably only two or three stories that I regret and could have done something about. And once you've paid lip-service to the fact that every programme could be better, that's not a bad batting average, is it? Of course, that's an entirely subjective opinion, but I have no other measurement because the programmes were popular everywhere and the show didn't die when I left."

Following Graham's resignation of the producer's chair, *Doctor Who* would chart an increasingly troubled course throughout the eighties; midway through that decade, Graham had a clear idea of how the series might progress – and of its future prospects should it ever be cancelled. "I'd hope that someone, somewhere, would reflect on the possibility of doing more than just telling four episodes at a time and try another way of linking them, perhaps making it more of a saga. After all, it was the start of a saga long before *Star Trek*. However, if they ever decided to take *Doctor Who* off the television, that would, I imagine, be the end, apart from a Christmas show with Daleks or something for the next ten years. *Doctor Who* is essentially a television show, and the books, for example, have always come secondary to that. I mean, I don't think I've ever read a *Doctor Who* book and can't imagine getting a great deal of pleasure out of doing so. I can't really see *Doctor Who* surviving on its own as a series of books. If radio were more popular *per se*, then I think that would be a wonderful medium for it because you wouldn't actually need to build the sets. But there is no reason why, given proper and decent capital management and a few bloody good ideas, *Doctor Who* shouldn't still be going when both you and I are in our graves . . .

"One of the joys of the show is that to everybody working on it or watching it, it actually does mean something at the time. It doesn't just go in one eye and out the other. *Doctor Who* hits so many nerves and satisfies an awful lot of people. There's really no other programme like it." DWM

Interview by **Jon Heckford** and **Michael Stead**
Transcribed by **Philip Newman**

The Nightmare Fair

Following the cancellation of *Shada*, Graham moved on to produce the anarchic children's comedy *Supergran* for ITV. In the autumn of 1984, shortly after DWM's interview was recorded, Graham was "phoned up out of a clear blue sky, after not hearing anything from anybody for, what, five years?" by then *Doctor Who* script editor Eric Saward – and asked if he could come up with a storyline for the planned opening story of Season Twenty-Three. Speaking to Ian Atkins and Robert Francis for fanzine *Opera of Doom*, Graham recalled: "Eric Saward said, 'Before you start, would you mind doing it as you did for the Paris job – ie, going to a location and writing around it . . .'"

Graham Williams
Photo © Jackie Williams

The storyline commissioned – first entitled *Arcade*, and later *The Nightmare Fair* – featured the Sixth Doctor (Colin Baker) and companion Peri (Nicola Bryant); they were to be set against returning First Doctor villain the Toymaker in – of all places – contemporary Blackpool. "Eric took me up to Blackpool," said Graham, "a never-to-be-forgotten excursion! We went on every ride that we could, and decided they were all impossible to film because the crew would be sick if it was for eight solid hours every day!

Doctor Who
THE NIGHTMARE FAIR
GRAHAM WILLIAMS

"Eric got the script [of original 1966 serial *The Celestial Toymaker*] out of the central registry, and I got the only existing tape of the Toymaker – episode four [*The Final Test*] . . . I just looked at it amazed. I thought, 'Crikey' – for we not only stood for it, we applauded a show that was basically half-an-hour of hopscotch. Try and do it today, and you'd lose your audience if it was a second over three minutes. How naive it was . . .

"Eric, I think it was, suggested that we should have some sort of local mob – and I thought, 'Well, that's actually more difficult to support, the idea of this guy coming out of the vastness of time and space and using this bunch of local yokels – I always thought it was dodgy when the supervillains did that . . . But no, the Toymaker is just going about his business – which is to get the Doctor. Because if you look at the original scripts for the Toymaker, he was just playing games – and there was no indication how long he'd been doing this, or why he was doing this, or how long he intended to go on doing this . . .

"The whole of Blackpool funfair is there for one purpose and one purpose only, and that is to trap the Doctor . . .

"It would have been alright really; some smashing visual shots. We'd had assurances from John [Nathan-Turner, producer], who'd talked the organisers of the fairground into co-operating up to the nth degree, for the sake of the publicity value . . ."

The Nightmare Fair's two 45-minute teleplays had been delivered to key cast and crew members, including mooted director Matthew Robinson, when production of Season Twenty-Three was abruptly postponed for some 12 months. The series was duly reformatted; Graham's scripts were written off. In the summer of 1989, however, *The Nightmare Fair*, as novelised by Graham, was published as part of Target Books' *The Missing Episodes* series – complete with such typically ambitious concepts as murderous animatronic dwarves, monsters erupting from video games and a friendly alien cloud.

Having quit the television industry altogether, Graham had moved to Devon where, with wife Jackie and his three children, he ran a hotel near Tiverton. In August 1990, fandom was shocked to learn that the producer and sometimes writer responsible for many of *Doctor Who*'s most popular, iconoclastic and clever episodes had died following a shooting accident.

The life & times of Jackie Jenkin's

fun with amazing Bellamy
Doctor Who Weekly

Thursday 20 March

8.20pm Just spent 20 minutes on phone to Jason Minnards. Minnards got my number from Directory Enquiries after wheedling an address out of me at last year's PanoptiCon. He calls every Thursday at eight to tell me the same things he told me last Thursday, but in greater detail. This week he told me he'd volunteered to be a steward at Remembrance 97, and also that he'd volunteered me for an interview with a cable TV station sometime during the event "because they want a girl and you're one."

Told him I'd rather not as experience has taught me that, like the Borad, I do have a best side.

"Glad you don't mind," he said, ringing off.

Must be more assertive.

Friday 21 March

The Lovely Mike Jayston

10am *(en route to convention)* Am sharing back seat of Nigel's car with his large holdall containing possibly his entire wardrobe, a family-size container of Wet Wipes (these are never mentioned but worry me greatly) and small, beige orang-utan with banana-shaped arms named Moochimas Trust – after the Blondie song *Heart of Glass* - "Whassa-luv-eza-iz-a-gas, Soon found out 'bout a heart of glass, Iza-a-real-thing-waza-eea-uhhhhhhh, Moochimas Trust not far behind." Or something. Hence the much-milked car joke "Where's Moochimas Trust?" "He's not far behind!" Nigel has done this joke three times already and we've yet to join the dual carriageway. Chas is in passenger seat, stuffing jelly bears. Told them about cable interview.

"Why didn't you say no, then?" said Chas. "The media only come to conventions to make us all look like a bunch of wazzocks. Great material for the Sunday supplements." Then Chas came out with one of his many great misquotes: ""To those who believe, no explanation is necessary. To those who do not believe, no explanation is possible."

Silence.

Then . . . "You'd never catch me doing an interview!" added Nigel, rather limply.

11.30am Chas has *Programme Guide* on lap. This is a terrifying moment. I know what he's going to say.

"Let's have a game."

Yep, that was it.

The game: going in story order from the start, and skipping all stories with no remaining episodes, we each have one minute to think of a quote. Two points for a chunk, one point for a sentence.

1pm Am doing v badly in quotes game and praying to get *Delta and the Bannermen* so I can slay 'em in the aisles. Chas is leading. He's just done three consecutive scenes from *Genesis of the Daleks*. Nigel is making up quotes. Getting extra time by saying he has to look out for roundabouts is a ploy. He had five minutes on *Pyramids* and still made it up.

3pm Chas got *Delta*. I got *Remembrance* and guffed up the rice pudding speech. Mr Trust falls asleep. I join him.

Saturday 22 March

11am Have spent first two hours of convention avoiding Jason Minnards and cable crew, refusing to sign autograph for persistent fan who thinks wearing red velvet means I am Lalla Ward, attempting to buy pint for Lovely Woolly Michael Jayston and stopping Chas getting into opinionated *X Files* arguments ("bland, mumbling, non-actors"). Have put Moochimas Trust in rucksack for amusing visual joke.

Place is rife with media. Have just watched one cameraman line up a six foot, dark-haired William Hartnell, a vaguely punkish Pertwee and a hideous vivisection experiment in green cords which I think was supposed to be Sylvester McCoy.

Suddenly spied Jason Minnards and cable crew approaching like herd of buffaloes, so made hasty exit by grabbing Nigel and throwing him into discussion about how orange Roger Moore had become by *A View to a Kill*.

Unfortunately, made exit straight into a *Sun* photographer.

"Hello love, can I 'ave you outside with a Dalek?"

"Yes," said Nigel.

I broke the news to him gently.

With my ability to say "No" suddenly deserting me, I was whisked off outside hotel to prance around with a Dalek in front of population of Oldham. Felt like one of Chas' wazzocks. Then, amidst sounds of gum-chewing, I was asked if I could do something "a bit different."

"What, like this?" Did wacky jumping-out-from-behind-Dalek movement.

"No . . ." Shifty look. "More soft of . . . draped across it, really. Can you wrap your legs around it, chest forward, that sort of thing?"

Frightening Katy-Manning-and-Dalek images flashed through mind and face did sort of amazed, possibly shocked, look. Although am not hard-nosed, body-pierced feminist type, would prefer not to be seen in *The Sun* draped suggestively over Dalek sucker arm.

"How about if I put my arm around it?" Photographer made sort of face you do when someone gives you sprouts.

"Well . . . I really wanted something different. You know, a *Doctor Who* fan who's a girl, that sort of thing."

Photo shoot came to abrupt end. Felt pleased with myself, having publicly established that, unlike Katy Manning, I don't drape.

Returned to convention.

"Nice monkey."

Realise that Moochimas Trust is still protruding from rucksack and that Michael Jayston has found him "nice." Explain to Michael Jayston about the Blondie song.

Traumatised after singing Blondie song to Michael Jayston. Found Chas with same look of distress that he wears when Nigel is about to explain the musical virtues of REM.

"D'you know what that made us sound like?" Nigel was looking sheepish.

"Like a real couple of sad fans, that's what!"

"What's going on?" I asked. Chas began gesturing like someone French.

"We've just been nabbed by a cable crew. We've been interviewed saying some of the saddest stuff you've ever heard. I mean," he turned back to Nigel, "Who's your favourite Doctor!"

"I went blank!"

"'Him with the scarf'! He's on cable saying "Him with the scarf'!"

Spot Michael Jayston and photographer approaching.

"Sorry, just have to go and hide. Back in a minute."

Monday 24 March

10.30am Disappointing. Did not make today's newspapers. Evidently not suggestively drapey enough for *Sun* readers. Michael Jayston, though, evidently was, as today's 'Leisure' pages feature him leaning casually on Dalek surrounded by "several excited young fans."

Spot the elder Chas and Nigel among "excited young fans."

Looking like wazzocks.

Dressed to impress

The Telesnap Archive

During the seventies, many episodes of *Doctor Who* held in the BBC archive – mainly from the early years of the programme – were destroyed by the Corporation, and have been lost for ever. Fortunately, at the time of broadcast, a number of the producers and directors of these serials employed freelance photographer John Cura to obtain a series of off-screen photographs of their episodes. These photographs – known as 'telesnaps' – now form the only visual record of some of the Doctor's greatest adventures . . .

The Macra Terror

Episode 1

by Ian Stuart Black

Directed by John Davies

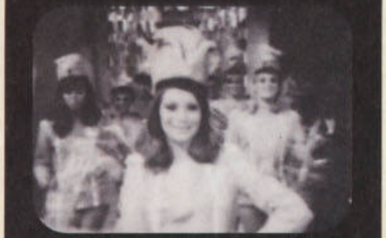
Transmitted 11 March 1967

A throbbing heartbeat pounds. A man's eyes open wide in fear . . .

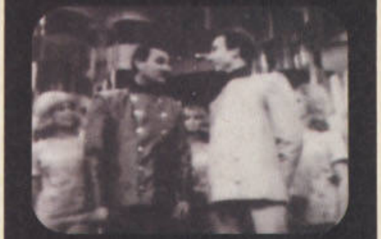
THE MACRA TERROR

BY
IAN STUART BLACK

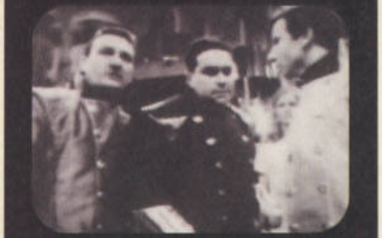
Inside a high-tech Colony, majorettes, accompanied by a band, perform to the delight of a crowd. Looking down on the proceedings are two men. "You've got a very good band there, Barney," remarks the first. "Thank you, Pilot," replies the other.



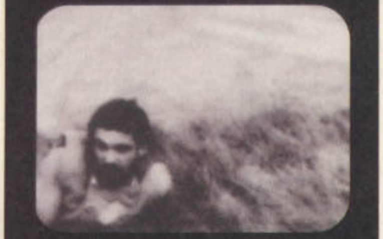
A voice hollers, "Stop him, don't let him get out" – and a man runs through the crowd, heading for the exit. "Medok!" cries Barney. "It's for your own good," adds the Pilot, as guards try in vain to restrain the fugitive.



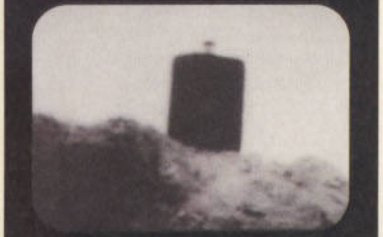
Ola, the captain of the guards, explains that Medok would only accept "treatment" if the guards were not present – but as soon as he'd dismissed them, Medok had escaped. The Pilot orders Ola to follow Medok outside.



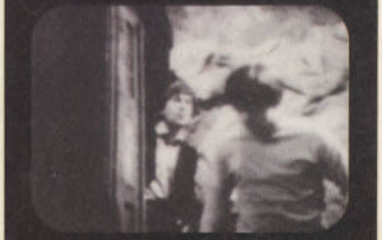
Closely pursued by the guards, Medok heads across the rough terrain outside. Climbing a rocky outcrop, Medok stops, and turns around . . .



Behind him, a strange blue box has materialised.

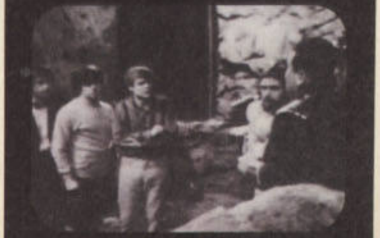


The Doctor, Polly, Ben and Jamie walk out. Jamie picks up a piece of wood. "What's the big stick for?" asks Ben. "Nothing's happened yet." Jamie reminds him of the glimpse that the Time Scanner had shown of their future – a giant claw.



"Look out, Jamie!" Polly cries as Medok pounces upon them. After a short struggle, Ben and Jamie manage to subdue the man and pin him to the ground. Ola and his guards arrive and take charge of Medok.

Ola thanks them, explaining that the man is a patient from the Colony. As the Doctor bends down to examine the soil, Ola invites them to accompany him to the Colony to receive the personal thanks of their leader, the Pilot.



The Doctor tells Jamie that, according to his calculations, they are in the future – and on a planet much like the Earth. "How do you know?" enquires Jamie. "I don't know," the Doctor replies. "I'm just guessing."

Ola, formally introducing himself to them as the chief of police, requests that they follow him into the Colony. As they leave, the Doctor pauses to tell the guards tying up Medok: "Not too tight – it's bad for the blood pressure."

"Thank you shift number one/Time to have fun/Now shift number two/It's up to you /Off to work with a song/And you're gay all day long" chirp disembodied female voices over the tannoy as they enter the Colony.

Ola introduces the strangers to the Pilot, who praises them for tackling someone as "disturbed" as Medok. He invites the travellers to take advantage of their 'Refreshing Department'. "Keep your eyes skinned," Jamie whispers to Polly.

"Why, what's the matter?" asks the girl. "They're a weird sort of folk," says Jamie. "I don't know that I understand them."

In the Refreshing Department, a man reclining on a couch calls for attention. Barney and a female member of staff are on hand to attend to him.

The Pilot enters, and is informed that Control request he make contact; they wish to welcome their guests. "But of course," the Pilot replies. Turning to the huge screen that dominates one side of the room, he commands: "Switch on."

The screen displays a static image of a man. "That's our Controller," the Pilot proudly states. The voice of the Controller welcomes the visitors and tells the colony to make them welcome. "Now back to work everyone," it concludes cheerfully.

The Pilot leaves. Barney informs the travellers of the many treatments that the centre offers. "You sir, of course, would like your clothes cleaned," he remarks to the Doctor. "I feel perfectly all right as I am," the Doctor replies.

"May I have a shampoo?" asks Polly. "Of course," says Barney, recommending "the very latest treatment" for the boys. The Doctor laughs as two girls lead a nervous Jamie away. Barney then turns back to the Doctor: "And now sir, for you?"

Barney compliments Polly on her new hairstyle before moving to attend to the others. "To your liking Sir?" Barney asks Ben, who's basking in artificial sunlight. "Marvellous," the young sailor replies. "It's like being at anchor in the Med."

"Would you call the ladies off?" Jamie asks. "I'm frightened what they might do to me." "But you look charming, sir," protests Barney. "That's what I'm frightened of," replies the lad.

"Let me out, I'm done to a turn," cries the Doctor, emerging from the machine looking immaculate. Unimpressed, he promptly enters the 'rough and tumble' machine, reappearing as his old scruffy self. "Oh, that's more like it!"

Elsewhere, Ola warns onlookers to keep back as he leads Medok through the Colony. "He's violent and suffering from delusions," states the captain. "I'm not the one suffering from delusions," Medok rants, "it's you! You don't know what's happening in this colony."

"What's all this about you seeing things?" asks a man in the crowd. "I don't see things, Questa, you fool," Medok snaps, "there are things! Creatures infesting this camp at night." A voice announces a reception for the strangers.

"There will be fun for all," the voice concludes. Questa, excited by the prospect of a party, pleads with Medok to join in with everyone like he used to. "Have fun while you can," Medok shouts as he's led away, "before they crawl all over you!"

In the Refreshing Department, the Doctor's efforts to engage Medok in conversation are thwarted by Ola's return. "We don't talk to him," Ola sneers, "He sees things." He bundles Medok into a room and locks the door.

After the guards have gone, the Doctor picks the lock and enters the cell. He cuts Medok free and asks him about the things he sees. But Medok remains suspicious of the Doctor's motives, and takes fright when he hears someone approaching.

Fleeing the cell, Medok runs out of the Department. Alarms ring out as the Pilot and Ola arrive. Discovering the severed cord, Ola accuses the Doctor of helping the prisoner to escape. "That is a crime in this Colony," he states angrily.

"You can't touch him," protests Polly, "He doesn't know your laws." The Pilot concurs, but the still irate Ola claims that the colonists will be unnerved to learn that Medok is at large again. "Well, send your patrol after him," counters the Pilot.

"He can run, you know," quips the Doctor. "He's got legs, he doesn't have to crawl over the ground." This stuns the police captain. "Why do you say that?" demands Ola. "No reason," the Doctor replies innocently.

The Pilot suggests that the Doctor will understand more about Medok if he talks to the people who knew him. "Take the strangers to the Labour Centre," he orders. "See they learn something about us."

Nearby, Medok skulks beside a part-finished building.

As the Doctor and his friends pass by, Medok sinks further into the shadows to avoid detection.

The ever-vigilant Doctor, however, has seen him – but keeps the observation to himself.

In the busy Labour Centre, the voice of Control informs the Colony that Medok has escaped again, adding that patrols are out looking for him. "Now return to your work and play with renewed heart and energy," the voice concludes.

"They've got that bloke all over the place," says Ben. Another voice announces a shift change; the tannoy exudes yet another sugary jingle. "That's a nice wee tune," remarks Jamie. "Yeah," replies Ben, "if you happen to like work."

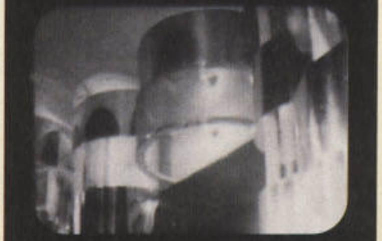
"It is a privilege to work for the Colony," Ola proudly states. Jamie is told by the man in charge that they tap and refine gas. "For heating?" enquires Polly. "It is used for many things," Ola interrupts. "The Colony depends on it."

An alarm sounds as two men stagger in. Alvis reports an accident, and requests Oxygen Supply to stand by. During the confusion, the Doctor slips away.

Returning to the building site, the Doctor finds Medok and, after gaining the man's confidence, asks him again about the creatures he's seen. "They move at night, in the dark," the fugitive informs him. "Horrible creatures, like giant insects."

He adds that the creatures have been sighted inside the colony, but anyone who claims to have seen them is locked up in the Correction Hospital at the behest of Control.

The alarm resounds from the loudspeakers in the Refreshing Department.



As his companions start to search for him, the Doctor saunters back in, playing his recorder. "Is somebody looking for me?" he asks, a picture of innocence. He tells his friends that he's just been looking around.

"It's dangerous to go off on your own after dark," says Ola. "Anyone who wanders round the Colony at night may be killed." Control announces curfew; Ola shows the Doctor and his companions to their quarters in the Refreshing Department.

Barney conducts the Doctor to his cubicle, and wishes him goodnight. The Doctor listens at the door, waiting until the sound of Barney's footsteps fades away.

The Doctor then opens the door and heads back to the Department . . .

. . . where he sees Control warn the Colony's citizens not to go outside at night. "Happy sleep time, everybody," the voice cheerily concludes.

"And the same to you," murmurs the Doctor – and leaves. He loiters in the shadow of the doorway as . . .

. . . a patrol marches past.

As soon as they have gone, the Doctor makes for the building site.

Medok peers through the scaffolding, listening in as Ola issues orders to the patrols hunting him. "If you see him," the police chief barks, "shoot to kill!"

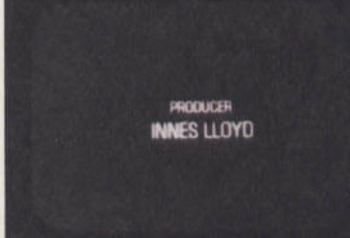
The Doctor finds Medok, but, as they about to leave, Ola suddenly swings around to face the building in which they are hiding. "Over here," he calls out. "I heard something."

The Doctor finds an opening through which they can escape; he tells Medok to leave first. Peering through the gap, the fugitive shrinks back. "No," he whimpers. "Look out there." The Doctor leans forward. "I don't see anything," he replies.

"In that patch of moonlight," Medok urges. "I told you I'd see them." Crawling towards them out of the darkness is an enormous crab-like creature . . .

Its eyes burn bright like searchlights . . .

Its giant claws cut through the misty night air . . .



DIRECTED BY
JOHN DAVIES
BBC tv

Timelines

compiled by **Alan Barnes**

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TO BE CONTINUED (CONTINUED . . .)

Well done! A subject for great debate, but one I feel has been sorely overdue for years: what exactly makes a good cliffhanger [*To be continued*, **DWM** 249]. I'd have chosen *The Caves of Androzani* Part One, too. When it was first transmitted, it was the only time I can ever remember thinking, 'How will they get out of that one?' – only later did it seem painfully obvious.

Congratulations, Alan and Peter – excellent read!

Jim Sangster
via e-mail

I remember a time when **DWM** could be read by absolutely anyone. It was a time when, if the editor turned round and said, 'Let's do a feature about cliffhangers', someone would go off and write a few pages of text which would witter on about *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* a bit. Such times are past.

I'd just like to point out that I am currently in the second year of an English course at the University of Plymouth, and it is for this reason alone that I was able to understand the cliffhangers feature in **DWM** 249, which decided to harp on about Roland Barthes, postmodernism and metafiction, the last two within a few words of each other! *Doctor Who* fans aren't stupid, but neither are they all degree students. Three months ago, before we studied Barthes' theories, I would not have had a clue what you were on about.

Oh, and by the way, happy 250th birthday.

Chris Bryant
via e-mail

MY HERO

I found myself in sympathy with Matthew Jones [*The hero that failed*, **DWM** 249]. Jon Pertwee was certainly my hero as a very young child, but having had the opportunity to review his stories today, I would concur that they have not stood the test of time well. Jon's performance, particularly in the later years of his reign, does not impress me in the way it used to.

However, I think the lesson here is always to view things in context, and remember the audience that the programmes were originally made for. When I do that, I recall the pure magic of *Doctor Who* in the early seventies, remember hoping against hope that the TARDIS would appear on my way to school so that the Dopctor could take me away with him (it never happened – well, not yet, anyway). I remember the high esteem in which I held Mr Pertwee. It is always more fun that way.

Paul Winter
via e-mail

TURNER PRIZED

Congratulations on **DWM** 249 – another great read. The highlight for me was seeing a brand new instalment of *The Daleks*, brilliantly drawn by Ron Turner. I had long hoped you would be able to use his talents on a new strip and the wait was well worth it.

It would be good if other alien races from the *Doctor Who* universe could encounter the Daleks so that we could see Ron's depiction of the Cybermen, the Sontarans, and so on.

David May
via e-mail

LYNCH PINNED

While watching *The Leisure Hive* on video I noticed something odd. In that story, there is an evil alien organisation called the West Lodge, the emblem of which is two peaks in a circle.

In David Lynch's cult TV series *Twin Peaks*, there is an evil force from another dimension called the Black Lodge which is linked to the emblem of the circle.

This is too similar to just be a coincidence. Could Lynch have seen Part Four of *The Leisure Hive* while in England working on *The Elephant Man*? If so, the idea might have lodged in his mind (sorry), ready to be used later.

Paul Ingerson
London

"Excuse me, but didn't you kill Laura Palmer?"
"Er, no. I hear that was actually her father, possessed by an ancient evil called 'Bob'."

NICHOLAS MALLETT REMEMBERED

The untimely death of Nicholas Mallett on 30 January deprived the television industry of an experienced and highly-regarded professional.

Nick began his career as a ballet dancer, but an early illness forced him to change direction and instead join the technical ranks of television. He made rapid progress through the BBC's career structure, moving from production assistant (on a number of series, including *Blake's 7*) to director over the course of a few years. His work would soon be showcased on series such as *Boon*, *Lovejoy* and *The High Road*, to name but a few.

Fans of *Doctor Who* will know Nick's work from the three stories he directed in the late eighties – the opening episodes of the crucial *Trial Of A Time Lord* season being the first. Despite enormous technical problems with the courtroom set and the various robot costumes, Nick earned the respect of the cast and crew for his efficiency and pleasant manner and, most importantly, he got the season off to a flying start.

It was no surprise that Nick was earmarked for the next season's *Paradise Towers*, a story which needed careful orchestration of the characters and dialogue. He played a strong role in consolidating new Doctor Sylvester McCoy's performance, and helped to usher in a new, more colourful style for the series.

Howard Cooke, who played Pex, described his director as very sensitive to actors, and also very good technically, bringing productions in on time and under budget. These considerations were especially important on Nick's final *Doctor Who* story, the very popular *The Curse of Fenric*. Nick felt that his main achievement on these episodes was shifting the filming from a location/studio mix to all location, lending the finished product greater realism. He again weathered enormous production problems, including disastrous conditions, a chronic lack of time and the loss of vital footage, but the result was a showcase of his talent: energetic, well-acted and thoroughly engrossing.

Nick Mallett (left) directing the first segment of *The Trial of a Time Lord*.

The Curse of Fenric.

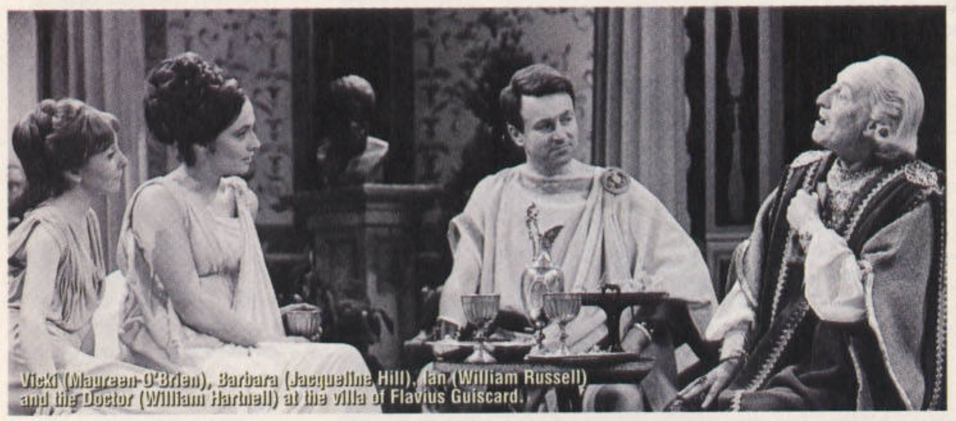
On a personal level, I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with Nick in July 1995. I had contacted him via *The Bill* – on which he was working at the time – to arrange an interview for **DWM**, and he was pleased to invite me to his home in Kew. Sitting in his garden on a sunny afternoon, I like to think I learned something of the man himself, and I can honestly say he was one of the most charming people: softly-spoken, thoughtful and not in the least guarded, replying honestly and with good humour to some provocative questions about his time on *Doctor Who*.

When he discovered my own directorial ambitions, Nick listened keenly to my history before wracking his brain to suggest suitable contacts and vacancies, and generally drew on thirty years of industry experience to help in any way he could. It was a measure of the man.

Peter Griffiths
London

THE ROMANS

Played deliberately for laughs, 1964's *The Romans* remains *Doctor Who*'s sole excursion into the realm of out-and-out farce. Andrew Pixley looks back at the production of this four-part First Doctor mock-historical epic . . .


Vicki (Maureen O'Brien), Barbara (Jacqueline Hill), Ian (William Russell) and the Doctor (William Hartnell) at the villa of Flavius Guiscard.

The Slave Traders

Newly materialised on the very edge of a cliff, the TARDIS tumbles into a crevice. Nearly a month later, the ship lies askew in the gully while time travellers the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Vicki enjoy a rural holiday in ancient Italy at the empty villa of Flavius Guiscard. When Vicki and Barbara go shopping in the marketplace at Assissium, they are noticed by Sevcheria and underling Didius, unscrupulous slave traders on the lookout for chattels to auction in Rome; bribing a stallholder, they discover where the pair are staying. Later, an old lyre player seen in the marketplace is murdered on a country road by a sword-brandishing mute.

The Doctor announces that he is setting off for Rome, and agrees to take Vicki with him when she begs to see the city. Ian and Barbara have little time to relax, for they are attacked at the villa by Sevcheria and Didius and taken prisoner after a struggle. Ian is soon purchased, whereas Barbara is to be taken to Rome where she might fetch a higher price.

On the country road, the Doctor and Vicki find the corpse of the lyre player and the Doctor picks up his instrument. A centurion arrives and immediately assumes the Doctor to be Maximus Pettulian, the famous musician from Corinth, whom he has come to escort to the palace of the Emperor Nero. The Doctor and Vicki are taken to a room in Assissium for the night; outside, the centurion tells Pettulian's mute murderer, Ascaris, with whom he is in league, not to fail this time. The killer draws his sword and prepares to enter the Doctor's room . . .

All Roads Lead To Rome

The Doctor, aided by Vicki, makes short work of his clumsy attacker and sends the man tumbling out of a window. They realise that somebody wanted Pettulian dead.

Days later, Barbara arrives in Rome where her kindness to a fellow slave is noted by a man named Tavius, who later purchases her at auction for 10,000 sestertis. She is taken to Nero's palace, where she will enjoy a comfortable life as a servant to the Empress Poppaea. The Doctor and Vicki arrive at court soon after, and both are confused by Tavius' cryptic and secretive asides to 'Pettulian'. The pair encounter the Emperor Nero, a pompous, vain and childish boor who thinks highly of his own musical talents. Exploring the palace, the Doctor and Vicki are led, by Tavius' suggestion, to find the dead body of the centurion whom they had encountered earlier.

"An artist of some taste . . ."

Emperor Nero plans to feed lyre player Maximus Pettulian – alias the Doctor – to his lions. Nero discusses the performance 'Pettulian' is due to make in the arena – but the Doctor has already uncovered his fate . .

DOCTOR: Well, I promise you, I shall try to make it a *roaring* success.
NERO: You'll have to play something special, you know.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, of course, of course. Something serious, yes. Something that they can really *get their teeth into.*
NERO: You can't know, you can't! I've told no-one!
DOCTOR: Caesar Nero. I've always wanted to put on a good show; to give a great performance. After all, who knows? If I *go down well*, I may even make it my farewell performance. You see, I've always wanted to be considered as an artist of some *taste*, generally regarded as – oh well – *palatable*, hmm? Oh, I must be boring you. Surely you must have so many other important things to attend to without standing here *chewing over* the facts with me . . .

From *The Romans*: *Inferno* by Dennis Spooner

The Centurian (Dennis Edwards) mistakes the Doctor for Maximus Pettulian.

Ian's adventures, meanwhile, have also led him to Rome. When the ship aboard which he'd laboured as a galley slave was struck by a storm, he'd escaped death with the assistance of a fellow slave, Delos. The pair travel to Rome to rescue Barbara, but are soon captured and imprisoned. Sevcheria informs them that they will be trained for the arena – before showing them the waiting lions . . .

Conspiracy

Next day, the Doctor becomes increasingly intrigued by Tavius' dealings with him. Barbara is brought before Poppaea, but rapidly becomes the object of the womanising Nero's desire. The lustful Emperor pursues Barbara up and down the palace corridors – and, although he encounters both the Doctor and Vicki, neither of them become aware of Barbara's presence. Vicki stumbles into the chamber of Locusta, Nero's official poisoner. Later, after Poppaea catches her husband in a clinch with a struggling Barbara, the Empress asks Locusta to prepare a poison with which to kill her new servant. Attempting to save the slave, Vicki switches two identical goblets of wine, one of which has been poisoned.

Nero, meanwhile, has prepared a banquet at which 'Pettulian' will perform. On hearing of Vicki's actions, the Doctor stops Nero from drinking from the poisoned goblet – and thus changing history. Poppaea has Locusta sent to the dreaded arena. At the banquet, the Doctor manages to preserve his alias – despite being unable to play a note – by persuading the assembled throng that only those with keen and perceptive hearing will be able to discern the tune; an idea, he tells Vicki, he'd first given Hans Andersen for the tale of 'the Emperor's new clothes'.

Jealous of the Doctor's good reception, Nero resolves to have the lyre player thrown to the lions. He takes Barbara with him to the gladiatorial school; in the arena, Ian and Delos are forced to fight one another for the Emperor's amusement. Barbara looks on as Delos forces a weakened Ian to his knees. "Cut off his head!" commands Nero . . .

Inferno

Delos lunges instead for Nero and, after a scuffle with Nero's guards, he and Ian escape. Later, at court, Poppaea instructs Tavius to remove Barbara; he tells her that she is free to go. Barbara informs Tavius that the man she knows only as 'Pettulian' is to be thrown to the lions. The Doctor is consulting Nero's plans for a new Rome when Tavius warns him of this; it transpires that Pettulian was on his way to the court to assassinate Nero in collaboration with Tavius. When Nero confronts the Doctor, the traveller defuses the threat of the arena, but, inadvertently, sets fire to the plans for *Nova Roma* when his spectacles focus the rays of the sun. Nero, first furious, becomes delighted – the Doctor has given him the idea of burning Rome down so that the Senate will be forced to let him rebuild the city to his design.

Nero summons a rabble to the palace, where he pays them to set the city ablaze. Ian and Delos join the crowd; they are found by Tavius, who reunites them with Barbara. The Doctor and Vicki have already escaped the palace, and, knowing that it is July 64 AD, watch the Great Fire of Rome from a distance. Nero strums his lyre, chortling while Rome burns around him.

Ian and Barbara make their way back to the villa first; when the Doctor and Vicki arrive with news of their adventure, it is assumed that the two former schoolteachers have been idly doing nothing. The group depart, but, having set off in the TARDIS, the Doctor confides to Ian that the ship has become imprisoned by a strange force – and is being dragged down . . .

In Production

Ian and Barbara sample a little of the local produce.

BBC Video [4] Deacon Collection [1]

The notion of a *Doctor Who* serial set in Roman times originated in the spring of 1964, when the series' second season was being planned. On the outline document dated Tuesday 14 April, the penultimate serial, referred to as "Serial I" – at this point, the production team planned to revert to coding each serial from A at the start of the new season – was described as "Roman" and allocated four episodes. (It is not known whether or not this was a storyline suggested by Dennis Spooner, who had started to write for the series in March with *The Reign of Terror*.)

During the summer, it became clear that story editor David Whitaker was to leave the series in the autumn, at the end of the first production block. On Friday 6 August, Spooner was appointed his successor just as *The Reign of Terror* concluded production. Discussions about the start of the second season carried on throughout August; it was soon clear that the first story would have to introduce a character to replace outgoing companion Susan. To establish continuity, it was decided that Whitaker would write the introductory story which would be followed by a further establishing adventure by Spooner.

Whitaker commissioned the four-part serial from Spooner on Monday 31 August; Spooner was set target delivery dates of Thursday 30 September for the first two scripts, Friday 9 October for the third and Friday 16 October for the fourth. At this point, it was envisaged that the serial would be in production from Friday 13 November to Friday 4 December, although production would later be put back by several weeks.

> **Spooner's storyline drew on historical characters and events, but presented them in a largely fictitious light.**

It was intended that this would be the first *Doctor Who* serial to be humourous in tone throughout. This was something that producer Verity Lambert was particularly keen to try, to see if the show's format could accommodate such an approach. The initial idea was to spoof *Quo Vadis*, MGM's 1951 epic in which a Roman commander (Robert Taylor) under the Emperor Nero falls in love with a Christian girl (Deborah Kerr); the couple are thrown to the lions by the jealous Empress Poppea. However, a cinematic take-off of *Quo Vadis* was already in production; *Carry On Cleo*, the tenth of producer Peter Rogers' popular *Carry On . . .* films, had started shooting at Pinewood Studios on Tuesday 20 July. At the time, Spooner's neighbour was actor Jim Dale, who had a starring role in Rogers' Roman romp; consequently, Spooner had visited the Pinewood

Sid James admires Amanda Barrie's asp. *Carry On Cleo* (1964).

SCRIPTING ROMAN RESEARCH

In reality, Nero was born in 37AD; when his mother Agrippina married Emperor Claudius in 50AD, he was adopted into the royal family. He became the ruler of the Roman Empire in 54AD after the death of Claudius – and would have been a mere 27 years old at the time Spooner's serial was set. Physically, he was described by the second century Roman biographer Gaius Suetonius as being of average height, overweight and blond; existing coinage shows him to have had double chins and a short beard. As Emperor, Nero was noted for his moral weakness, debauchery, extravagance and tyranny. He had taken Poppaea Sabina as his second wife in 62AD, and, fancying himself both as a poet and a lyre-player, had given public performances from 59AD on. The character of Locusta was real; she was not the "official court poisoner" as per Spooner's scripts (although she had allegedly helped Nero to poison both the Emperor Claudius and Claudius' son, Britannicus). Tigilinus also existed, but was Nero's Praetorian Prefect – the commander of his Imperial Bodyguard – and not a mute cup bearer. Ian's comp-anion, Delos, was named after one of the Greek islands.

set. (As it turned out, the researcher on the *Doctor Who* serial was the same one as who worked on *Carry On Cleo.*)

Spooner's storyline drew on historical characters and events, but presented them in a largely fictitious light. The fire of Rome indeed began on 19 July 64AD, and such fires were common in the city at the time. Later accounts claimed that Nero had recited verses while admiring the spectacle of two-thirds of the city burning from a safe distance. Nero had actually been in Antium when the fire started, and only travelled north to Rome when the inferno threatened one of his palaces. Although the fire almost certainly started accidentally, Nero later blamed it on the Christians. At the time, rumours were rife that Nero had had Rome burned in order to replace it with his own city, Neropolis (referred to in Spooner's script). Nero's lyre-playing during the blaze was, likewise, based on hearsay.

At one stage, it was planned that Richard Martin would direct the serial; however, it was eventually decided that *The Romans* would be made by the same team as its preceding serial, *The Rescue* (the pair would, effectively, be produced as one six-part story). Christopher Barry took over as director of the serial early in October 1964, and one of his first acts was to contact Professor AM Collini of Rome's *Museo Della Civilta Romana* to obtain information regarding Italy under the rule of Nero.

The designer on the serial was series regular Raymond P Cusick, who had been associated with *Doctor Who* since the first Dalek story the previous year. This was to be his only historical serial for the series, and his least favourite work on the show. Many of the set elements simply came from stock, but a few were constructed by Bill Richards of Shawcraft Modelling. Make-up and costumes were, as usual, designed and supervised by Sonia Markham and Daphne Dare respectively. Peter Diamond was contracted by Barry to handle stunt work in early November; Barry had previously worked with the stuntman on both *Smuggler's Bay*, and on filmed inserts for the first Dalek serial.

Spooner's scripts, entitled *Dr Who and the Romans*, were dated clearly in the opening scene to the first episode, *The Slave Traders*, in which it was indicated that the Doctor (referred to as "Doctor Who" throughout) and Ian "wear impressive clothes of the Roman period Sixty-Four A.D.". Maximus Pettulian was described as "an elderly man, not unlike Doctor Who". In the scripts to the first episode the Doctor referred to Ian as "Chessington" (Hartnell says "Chesterfield" in the finished programme). Although the earliest drafts referred to the Doctor's most recent companion as "Valerie", this was standardised to "Tanni" in most of the rehearsal scripts. Spooner used the surname of Robert Guiscard, a Norman adventurer of the eleventh century, for the name of Flavius Guiscard, the owner of the villa where the TARDIS crew stayed. (However, it is unlikely that there would have been Gallic conflicts for Guiscard to become embroiled in during 64 AD.)

In the third episode, *Conspiracy*, the dialogue between Ian and the woman slave was reduced, as was the conversation between the Doctor and Nero in the steam baths. Other dialogue dropped included, after Nero has assured the Doctor that he will have a good audience at his banquet, the Doctor's remarking, "They'll have to be!" In the script, the Doctor also confessed to "Tanni" that he has made a mistake – "only the second in the last forty-two years". When about to 'play' the lyre, the Doctor would inform his audience that the music "tells of the soft breeze through the trees, the whisper of the calm sea, the quietness of a summer night". Spooner had attempted to research the historical figure of Locusta but, having failed to come up with any details, suggested that she should be presented as "an old 'witch' figure".

OVERSEAS SALES

Australia received 16mm film recordings of *The Romans* in October 1965; rated G, the serial was passed uncut and screened in the spring of 1966, with a repeat in November 1966. In New Zealand, the serial was acquired in September 1967 and screened in the spring 1968, where it concluded that country's third run of *Doctor Who.* Gibraltar, Nigeria, Singapore, Kenya, Zambia, Barbados, Mauritius, Sierra Leone, Jamaica and Ethiopia all purchased the serial prior to 1971.

Arch-plotter Tavius (Michael Peake).

The scripts also made heavy play on Latin names, which would be familiar to children then studying history. In *The Slave Traders*, Barbara points out to "Tanni" that the capital of Britannia was Londinium; likewise, the name "Roma" is used, rather than Rome, at various points. As an aside, in the opening scenes, Ian quotes "O Tempora, O Mores!" from a speech by Marcus Tullius Cicero, an orator and statesman of the first century BC. This was then followed by "Friends, Romans, Countrymen . . ." from Act III of William Shakespeare's 1599 play *Julius Caesar*.

The Drama Early Warning synopsis for the *Doctor Who and the Romans* also still referred to the Doctor's latest companion – introduced in *The Rescue* – by the name of Tanni. Tanni was renamed first "Lukki" on Thursday 12 November, and then "Vicki" on Monday 23 November. Script revisions on Thursday 12 November included reworkings of the dialogue between the slave traders, Sevcheria and Didius, both in the marketplace at Assissium and also during later scenes at the slave tent.

Pre-filming for *The Romans*, on silent 35mm film, took place alongside modelwork for *The Rescue* on Stage 2 of the BBC Television Film Studios at Ealing. On the first day, Monday 16 November, Barry and film cameraman Dick Bush devoted their efforts towards the model spaceship seen in *The Rescue*. All the model shots of the TARDIS falling off the cliff and lying in the gully, for use in both serials, were shot on Tuesday 17; Barry used back-projected clouds for these sequences. This featured in the reprise at the start of *The Slave Traders* and for the TARDIS' departure at the end of the final episode, *Inferno*. Other

MUSIC RECORDING WEDNESDAY 25 NOVEMBER 1964

The music score for the serial was recorded on Wednesday 25 November at Broadcasting House. About 15 minutes of music was recorded, composed by Raymond Jones – a new name to *Doctor Who.* Jones, who had worked on the BBC thriller anthology *Detective* and was a good friend of *Doctor Who* composer Dudley Simpson, conducted his own compositions – which were played on the harp, french horn, flute, clarinet and tenor recorder by five musicians provided by Alec Firman. This included all the lyre music played throughout the serial by Pettulian, Nero and the Doctor; the actor concerned mimed to pre-recorded harp music played into studio. However, after a memo sent to Barry on 4 November, the director found himself only able to play the music into the studio on the actual recording, since to play it back during the camera rehearsal constituted a second performance for which the musicians would be entitled to a payment.

BBC Video [4]

filming for *Inferno* was conducted on Wednesday 18; extra Albert Ward was hired to double for Hartnell in shots of the Doctor's hand holding the spectacles which, by focusing the sun's rays, set Nero's *Nova Roma* plans ablaze. Shots of the burning map, and a model of Rome both at night and on fire were then filmed. The model had been built by Shawcraft Model Makers of Uxbridge, but construction had been rather rushed; designer Cusick was unhappy that the flames could not be scaled to the model correctly for filming.

A revised publicity document was issued on Friday 27 November 1964. In addition to giving story and biographical information on the cast and crew, it also gave details of the serial's guest stars. The main guest star was Derek Francis, a friend of Jacqueline Hill and her husband, director Alvin Rakoff, who had been promised a role in *Doctor Who* since its debut and now found himself cast as the bumbling, womanising Nero. Francis' television work included *Detective*, *Comedy Playhouse* and *Sergeant Cork* – and was not the sort of actor that Spooner had envisaged for the role of the younger Nero. Michael Peake, cast as Tavius, had just finished shooting the movie *The Intelligence Men* with Morecambe and Wise. As Poppaea, Barry cast Kay Patrick, whom he had directed in *Ann Veronica* earlier in the year. The scripts were sent out to the guest cast on Monday 30 November and Monday 14 December.

Rehearsals for the serial took place at the London Transport Assembly Rooms from the Monday prior to recording, starting Monday 14 December. On Wednesday 16, during rehearsals for *The Slave Traders*, two sequences were rewritten. The first of these was the scene in which the TARDIS crew discuss their exotic food and the ship itself, and the second was the scene where the Doctor meets the centurion on the country road. It was also decided very late in the day to rethink the end of the fight between Ian, Barbara and the slave traders. Originally it is Sevcheria who, having overpowered Barbara, knocks Ian out with the pitcher. This was changed to have Barbara accidentally concussing her colleague, and appropriate dialogue changes were later made to the script of the final episode. Hartnell felt very much at ease with the serial since it gave him a chance to indulge in comedy, and the adventure would also be a favourite of Russell's. Taking part in the first episode was Nicholas Evans as Didius who, as Nick Evans, had been both a Dalek Operator and the Slyther in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* a few months earlier.

The Slave Traders was recorded on Friday 18 December and, as with the three subsequent instalments, taping took place between 8.30 and 9.45pm in Riverside Studio 1. A photocall was held during the afternoon to obtain publicity shots of the regulars in Roman attire on the villa set; the camera rehearsal was also attended by Miss M Vetta, a visitor from Amsterdam, whose presence was arranged as part of the BBC's European Publicity drive.

The episode opened with a short 35mm film reprise from the end of *Desperate Measures*, the final episode of *The Rescue*, over which was superimposed both the episode title and Spooner's writing credit. Barry was annoyed to discover that carelessness on the part of the technicians preparing the telecine inserts had led to marks from a chinagraph pencil being left on the transmitted copy of the opening film sequences.

Throughout the serial, many set elements were taken from stock (notably mock-Ionic columns and a wall divider frame which had featured in *The Keys of Marinus* and appeared in some of the Nero's palace sets later on). Many sets used black backdrops, although the villa used a painted background sheet. Bill Richards of Shawcraft constructed all the turtle-shell lyres seen during the serial.

Only one recording break was scheduled for the evening, just after the country road scene in which Ascaris murders Pettulian. This allowed the marketplace set to be struck, and several of the extras seen in the market to change costumes in order to appear as slaves for the remainder of the recording. A special lightweight pitcher was made in wax for the fight sequence at the villa wherein Barbara smashes the ornament over Ian's head.

The episode concluded with a fade to black prior to the 'next episode' caption and credits. Although credited on the scripts as "script editor" (as opposed to story editor), Spooner did not receive an on-screen credit for this role on the story. Telesnaps of the serial were taken by John Cura, allowing Barry to retain a record of the serial in the form of around 70 small monochrome photographs taken from a monitor screen.

With *The Slave Traders* recorded, the cast and crew were allowed a week's holiday over the Christmas period – which also meant that *Doctor Who* moved to being recorded only three weeks in advance of transmission. Derek Francis joined the cast when rehearsals for *All Roads Lead To Rome* commenced on Monday 28 December. He was

PRESS COVERAGE REVEILLE

During production of *The Romans*, William Hartnell was interviewed by the weekly newspaper *Reveille* in which he described "Dr Who as a kind of lama . . . who might be anything up to 800 years old, but look only 75". As well as indicating his complete lack of interest in space travel, Hartnell commented that his favourite digs when making the series was a little pub near Ealing Broadway where he could play darts, talked about his love of fishing at Newhaven and how he and his wife Heather were keen bird-watchers. The piece, which emphasised the actor's love of the countryside, appeared in the edition dated 7-13 January 1965.

William Hartnell sustained a minor injury when struck on the hand by a wooden sword

REWRITES CONSPIRACY

Some of the most notable script revisions came in the third episode, *Conspiracy*, which saw the creation of a new character, Nero's mute manservant Tigilinus (originally, the cup bearer had not been present to follow the Emperor around and annoy him). All the material with Nero giving Barbara a bracelet – a plot device used in the subsequent serial, *The Web Planet* – was added later. The Doctor was to have saved Nero from drinking the poisoned wine by blustering in to congratulate the Emperor on one of his poems, which he pretends that he has just read; in his excitement to congratulate the author, the Doctor spills the spiked drink saying "Hail Caeser Nero – Genius of Rome", whereupon he moves off – and Nero requests "Another drink for the genius". This was rewritten to have the Doctor warning the Emperor directly about the poison, and then having Nero test the drink on the luckless Tigilinus.

The Doctor fends off assassin Ascaris (Barry Jackson).

AUDIENCE AND COMPETITION

Viewing figures for the serial were very good; the 13 million tuning in for *The Slave Traders* made it the the series' most-watched episode to date (equal to the previous week's *Desperate Measures*) – and gaining the series' then-highest chart position at seventh. However, the audience reaction index figures fell sharply. *All Roads Lead to Rome* set a new low at 51%; the next two episodes only garnered 50% each. *Conspiracy*, following in the wake of Sir Winston Churchill's televised state funeral, had a notably smaller audience. Opposition on ITV took the form of film series like *The Forest Rangers* and *The Littlest Hobo* followed by the news, and then networked variety show *Thank Your Lucky Stars.*

delighted to play such an outrageous character and pleased to work alongside Hartnell again.

Gertan Klauber played the galley master; he had appeared as the slave trader Markus (as in "Markus and Spencius") in *Carry On Cleo*. In the minor role of Court Messenger was Tony Lambden, gaining his first credited role after work as an extra since *The Keys of Marinus*. The same was true of Brian Proudfoot, playing Tigilinus – who had previously been William Hartnell's double for location filming on *The Reign of Terror: Guests of Madame Guillotine*. While rehearsing the slapstick fight that opened the episode under Diamond's auspices on Wednesday 30 December, Hartnell sustained a bruised left knuckle when struck on the hand by the wooden sword wielded by his opponent, Barry Jackson playing Ascaris. Diamond himself was cast in the role of Delos, which would require fighting expertise in later instalments.

New Year's Day 1965 saw the recording of *All Roads Lead To Rome*; BBC Picture Publicity attended the camera rehearsal to take photographs of the guest cast. The fight between Hartnell and Jackson was performed with the aid of a number of breakable dummy props, again supplied by Shawcraft and Cusick. To establish the move of the serial's narrative to Rome, three artwork captions of the city were shown; the word "ROMA" was superimposed, and zoomed towards the camera.

Lighting effects in the studio simulated the lightning during the storm at sea; the cameras on the galley set were rocked from side to side, and large buckets of water were thrown over the cast from off-camera as the ship supposedly started to break up. Lightweight timbers were dropped from the gantries at the end of the sequence. Four of the galley slaves later appeared as soldiers and courtiers at the court of Nero, while a fifth, Vez Delahunt, appeared as the corpse of the centurion in order to save having to rehire Dennis Edwards for such a brief appearance.

Rehearsals for *Conspiracy* began on Monday 4, but Barry was unhappy with the main scene introducing Nero that had been recorded the previous Friday. Discussions were held on Tuesday 5 January as to whether a retake, to be filmed during *Conspiracy*, could be cut in, but this does not seem to have been necessary.

Jacqueline Hill missed rehearsals on Wednesday 6 and Thursday 7 to shoot film sequences for the next serial, *The Web Planet*, at Ealing Film Studios' Stage 2. Also on Wednesday 6, William Russell sustained an injury – a small cut to his left wrist – while rehearsing his fight sequence with Diamond.

Conspiracy was taped on Friday 8 January, William Hartnell's 57th birthday. The episode opened with a shortened 35mm filmed reprise from the end of *All Roads Lead to Rome*, omitting two of the stock shots of lions. The episode title and writer credit were superimposed over a shot of Nero leading a party down a palace corridor, prior to the first recording break which allowed the cameras to obtain a new angle on the palace set. Further recording breaks took place just before Vicki sees Locusta for the first time, and just after Nero confronts Barbara in the bedroom (whereupon Francis accidentally referred to his character as "Claudius Nero" rather than "Caesar Nero"). A fourth break during the scene between Ian and the woman slave allowed Hartnell and Francis to change into their robes for the Roman bath sequence following. A break after this enabled them to don their normal costumes once again.

Research indicated that the serial was "only suitable for morons" and was "so ridiculous it's a bore!"

A final recording break permitted Russell and Diamond to prepare for Delos and Ian's swordfight, again arranged by Diamond – and this time it was Diamond who was injured in the action sequence, sustaining a cut by his right eye from the edge of a metal sword a few minutes away from the end of recording.

As rehearsals for *Inferno* began on Monday 11 January, it was formally announced that Mervyn Pinfield was no longer the series' associate producer, and *The Romans* would be the final serial to bear his credit. Verity Lambert was now very much in control of the BBC's new success story. Pinfield would, however, return to direct later serials.

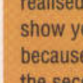
Some changes to the script were made during rehearsals. Originally Ian and Barbara would have made a greater effort to tell the Doctor and Vicki of their own adventures away from the villa. Delos, meanwhile, would have claimed to have been away from home for four years. On Thursday 14, *Radio Times* previewed the new serial in an article entitled "Dr Who and the Romans", which included a photograph of the Doctor and Vicki with Pettulian's lyre.

Inferno was recorded on Friday 15 January. The first scenes taped that evening comprised the episode's climax: the two scenes in the villa courtyard and the TARDIS which required Ian and Barbara to be clean and tidy after their adventures.

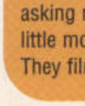
After Russell and Hill had changed costumes and make-up, recording recommenced in order. Two stuntman, Fred Haggerty and Garry Wain, were hired to appear as two of the guards in the opening swordfight sequence.

One other recording break was scheduled for the evening; this came just after Nero has left Poppaea to make his plans, allowing the throne to be set in position. Barry also made rare use of a wipe effect to change camera shots as Ian and Delos entered the palace – a line swept from right to left across the screen. Oil lamps and torches were used heavily in the episode, notably in the sequence in which Nero pays the rabble to destroy his city. Inlay was used to insert silent 35mm BBC stock footage of flames and burning buildings into the shots of Nero playing his lyre in the hall, and superimposed on the model shot of Rome burning. Recording concluded with the shot of the Doctor's hand picking a grape back at the villa – the point at which the remainder of the episode would be appended.

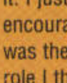
"*The Romans* worked for me, but not for the audience . . ."



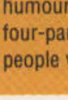
Dennis Spooner *Writer* "*The Romans* was a deliberate attempt to see how far we could go to do a comedy *Doctor Who* – almost *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* . . . After the first series we realised that the show was destined to run a long time. And in a television show you have to learn very quickly what you are going to get away with, because once it becomes at all established then you cannot change it . . . With the second series of *Doctor Who* we knew that whatever we could establish would make the boundaries for a long time to come."



Raymond P Cusick *Designer* "With alien planets you can take a certain amount of licence but Rome is Rome. It was done exceptionally cheaply and the main thing I remember about it was the director asking me, at extremely short notice, for a shot of Rome burning. We had very little money left but Shawcraft built me this model quickly and crudely . . . They filmed it on fire but the scale was all wrong and it looked dreadful . . ."



Christopher Barry *Director* "I'd never done farce in my life and this serial was something different. I may not have been the right director for it from that side of things but I didn't have any apprehension about it. I just went in with both feet and hoped it would work! . . . If anything I encouraged the comedy element and probably took it a little over the top. It was there in the writing and with someone like Derek Francis in the leading role I think possibly we contrived to allow ourselves more freedom than we should have done."



Verity Lambert *Producer* "*The Romans* worked for me, but not for the audience . . . I loved the comedy though, I thought it was good fun . . . I think at the time *Doctor Who* was serious. It wasn't considered a humourous programme. For us to suddenly introduce comedy in a farcical four-parter as opposed to the odd laugh in an episode was something that people weren't really ready for."

BBC Video [1] Cusick [4] Marvel [1] Hearn [2]

SERIAL M **THE ROMANS**

CAST **William Hartnell** *Dr Who* and **William Russell** *Ian Chesterton*; **Jacqueline Hill** *Barbara Wright*; **Maureen O'Brien** *Vicki* with **Derek Sydney** *Sevcheria*; **Nicholas Evans** *Didius* [1]; **Dennis Edwards** *Centurion* [1]; **Margot Thomas** *Stall Holder* [1]; **Edward Kelsey** *Slave Buyer* [1]; **Bart Allison** *Maximus Pettulian* [1]; **Barry Jackson** *Ascaris* [1-2]; **Peter Diamond** *Delos* [2-4]; **Michael Peake** *Tavius* [2-4]; **Dorothy-Rose Gribble** *Woman Slave* [2-3]; **Gertan Klauber** *Galley Master* [2]; **Ernest Jennings** *1st Man in Market* [2]; **John Caeser** *2nd Man in Market* [2]; **Tony Lambden** *Court Messenger* [2]; **Derek Francis** *Nero* [2-4]; **Brian Proudfoot** *Tigilinus* [2-3]*; **Kay Patrick** *Poppaea* [3-4]; **Ann Tirard** *Locusta* [3].
* Billed on *Conspiracy* as Tigilinus (Cup Bearer)

EXTRAS **Rosemary Devitt, Rilla Madden, Gladys Bacon, Barbara Mansfield, Pat Ambrose, Ursula Granville** *Women in Market*; **John Fry, John de Marco, Frank Wheatley, Harry Davies, George Dale, David Brewster, Ronald Adams, Jack Collins, John Sagar, Nigel Clayton** *Men in Market*; **Dawn Pyke, Gilliam Smith, Johnny Wainwright, John Langley** *Children in Market*; **Barbara Mansfield, Ursula Granville, Ronald Adams, Jack Collins, John Sagar, Nigel Clayton, Gilliam Smith** *Slaves*; **Alison Leney, Terri Dean, Sandra Harris, Tina Kennedy** *Women Slaves*; **Vez Delahunt, Roy Reeves, Pat Donoghue, Jim Appleby, Paul Andrews, Tony Lee, Les Wilkinson, Richard Wilding** *Galley Slaves*; **Francesca Bertorelli, Bunty Garland** *Women in Market*; **Fred Taylor, Terry Leigh, John Little, Tom Sye, Jerry Vidal, John Scammell** *Men in Market*; **Jim Appleby, Paul Andrews** *Courtiers*; **Roy Reeves, Pat Donoghue** *Soldiers*; **Vez Delahunt** *Double for Dead Centurion*; **Paul Duval, Janos Kurucz, Allan Selwyn, Gordon Cave, Bill Burridge, Derek Calder** *Guards*; **Paul Duval, Janos Kurucz** *Gladiators*; **Diana Chapman, Alison Leney** *Women Slaves at Banquet*; **Paul Blomley, Steve Peters** *Men Slaves at Banquet*; **Anne Marzeil, Sara Negus** *Women at Banquet*; **George Fisher, James Lyon, Fred Davies, Dickie Martyn, Ronnie Meade, Michael Essex, Douglas Abercrombie** *Men at Banquet*; **Fred Haggerty, Gerry Wain** *Stuntmen/Guards*; **Eric Bird, Ross Thomas, James Norton** *Guards*; **John Day, Frank Sussman, Paul Duval, Tony Poole, Yasha Adams, Mickie Baker, Derek Martin, David Cannon, Michael Buck, David Brewster, Bill Richards, Philip Moore, Alfred Morgan, Len Saunders, Alan Jones** *Rabble*; **Albert Ward** *Double for Dr Who's hand.*

CREDITS *Written by* **Dennis Spooner**. *Title music by* **Ron Grainer with the BBC Radiophonic Workshop**. *Incidental music composed and conducted by* **Raymond Jones**. *Fight Arranger* **Peter Diamond** [2-4]. *Costumes Supervised by* **Daphne Dare***. *Makeup Supervised by* **Sonia Markham***. *Lighting* **Howard King***. *Sound* **Richard Chubb***. *Designer* **Raymond P. Cusick**. *Associate Producer* **Mervyn Pinfield**. *Producer* **Verity Lambert**. *Directed by* **Christopher Barry**.
* Credited on *Inferno* only.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Episode	*Transmitted*	*Time*	*drn.*	*Rating (Position)*	*Appreciation*
The Slave Traders	16 January 1965	5.40pm-6.05pm	drn 24'14"	13.0M (7th)	53%
All Roads Lead to Rome	23 January 1965	5.40pm-6.05pm	drn 23'14"	11.5M (15th)	51%
Conspiracy	30 January 1965	5.40pm-6.05pm	drn 26'18"	10.0M (28th)	50%
Inferno	6 February 1965	5.40pm-6.05pm	drn 23'08"	12.0M (13th)	50%

Two views of the Assissium marketplace set . . .

. . . and one of the interior of Nero's court.

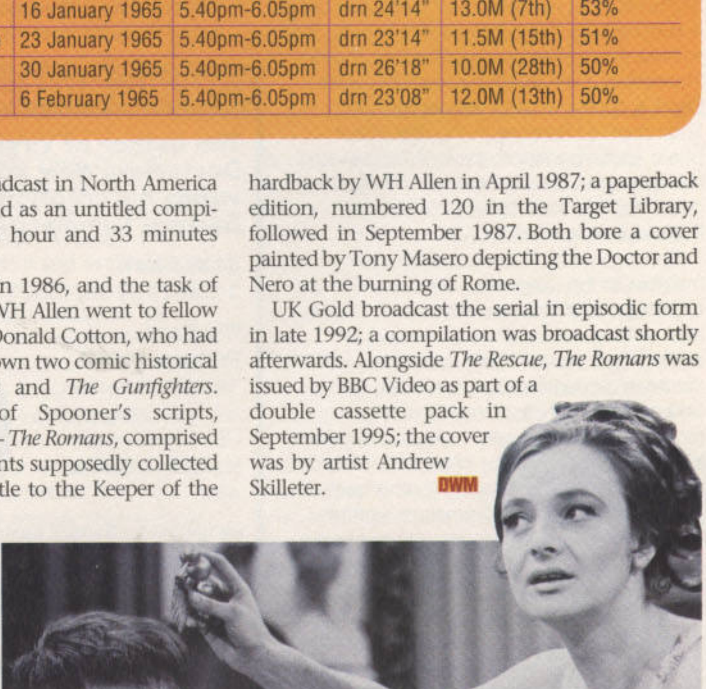
The serial began transmission the following day, Saturday 16 January, with *The Slave Traders*. The episodes were broadcast over a four-week period at 5.40pm on BBC1. Considering the series on Monday 18 January in *The Daily Telegraph*, L Marshal Gander praised *Doctor Who* and commented that the series had had created a new form of employment for actors aspiring to be a "creature of another world" – referring presumably more to *The Rescue*'s sand beast than anything broadcast the week before. After transmission of *Inferno* on Saturday 6 February, a special trailer for *The Web Planet* was broadcast at 6.03pm – being a compilation of shots from the earlier episodes of the next serial complete with voiceover.

An audience research report on *Inferno* was prepared on Tuesday 2 March. Although *Doctor Who* had netted a 24% share of the audience in comparison to ITV's 15%, the comments of the 368 viewers interviewed were not favourable. The sample, who did not seem to enjoy historical serials, indicated that the serial was "only suitable for morons" and was "so ridiculous it's a bore!" Only Hartnell and Francis were praised in a production that was felt to look corny and amateurish.

All four original 405-line videotapes of *The Romans* were wiped on Thursday 17 August 1967, although the BBC Film and Television Archives retained 16mm film recordings of both *The Slave Traders* and *Conspiracy*. In 1977, it was discovered that BBC Enterprises had retained the 16mm overseas film recordings of all four episodes – although they had not been actively marketed for some years. In the early eighties, *The Romans* was sold for broadcast in North America both in episodic form and as an untitled compilation TV movie of one hour and 33 minutes duration.

Dennis Spooner died in 1986, and the task of novelising the serial for WH Allen went to fellow First Doctor scriptwriter Donald Cotton, who had previously novelised his own two comic historical tales, *The Myth Makers* and *The Gunfighters*. Cotton's adaptation of Spooner's scripts, published as *Doctor Who – The Romans*, comprised a series of mock documents supposedly collected together by Tacitus, Epistle to the Keeper of the Imperial Archives in Rome. 'Extracts' were taken from Ian Chesterton's journal, the Doctor's diary, letters from Legionary (Second Class) Ascaris to his mother, the Commonplace Book of Poppea Sabina, the Autobiography of Locusta plus jottings from Nero's Scrapbook. The novelisation was first published in hardback by WH Allen in April 1987; a paperback edition, numbered 120 in the Target Library, followed in September 1987. Both bore a cover painted by Tony Masero depicting the Doctor and Nero at the burning of Rome.

UK Gold broadcast the serial in episodic form in late 1992; a compilation was broadcast shortly afterwards. Alongside *The Rescue*, *The Romans* was issued by BBC Video as part of a double cassette pack in September 1995; the cover was by artist Andrew Skilleter. **DWM**

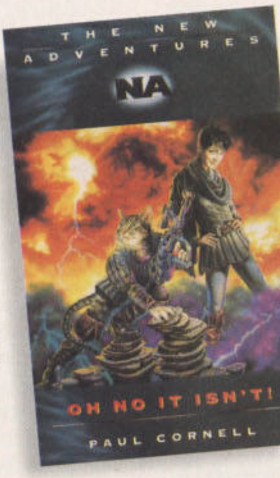


Shelf Life

**A novel that ought to be binned,
Ten stories with Forresters in,
But what's this that slips
From Dave Owen's lips?
"Hallelujah! It's *So Vile a Sin*!"**

THE NEW ADVENTURES
OH NO IT ISN'T!

Featuring Bernice, Menlove Stokes **Author** Paul Cornell **Publisher** Virgin **RRP** £4.99 **Available** 15 May 1997 **ISBN** 0 426 20507 3



There is no golden rule which says that the first book in any range must be typical of what is to follow, but I am genuinely surprised that Virgin has chosen to launch companion Bernice on her own adventures with a novel that subverts the norm, rather than establishing it.

Paul Cornell's Bernice is an immature, laddish, inarticulate character

At least *Oh No It Isn't!* has some scene-setting at the outset; Bernice, having taken the chair of archaeology at St Oscar's University on Dellah, is succumbing to premature middle-age. Even without the prefacing quotation from Emma Thompson, I would soon have envisaged Bernice cycling around the campus as Thompson's character in the film *Junior*. She's accompanied by pet cat Wolsey, and her colleagues include another old recurring character, Menlove Stokes, St Oscar's Professor of Applied Art.

Bernice – and, it seems, every other member of the university – embark upon an expedition to a deserted world and, shortly after arriving, fall victim to an assault on reality which causes them to become reincarnated as pantomime characters. (Stokes isn't affected. I think.) Only Bernice can remember who she was – which is a shame, because Paul's concept of her differs horribly from the Bernice developed in other author's books. He presents an immature, laddish character, whose inarticulate utterances are peppered with terms like "stuff", "basically", "sort of like", and even "pissed", "bonk", and "shag". This unrecognisably carnal Bernice exhibits a curiously selective memory of her specialisation too, cracking a joke about nineties pop groups yet completely forgetting the phenomenon of pantomime.

In telling this story, Paul exerts so much effort playing to the gallery that the main narrative topples over from the weight of in-jokes, parodies, and pointless contemporary references that it's required to support. All of them obfuscate the existing two layers of reality, and for little gain; they are all deeply unfunny. Naming one's spacecraft *Winton*, *Inman*, and *Pracatan* after icons of televisual camp provokes little more than a smile, yet firmly anchors the telling of the story in nineties Britain. And one of the chapter titles is *New Adventures, New Danger*, which would be truly witty had this Conservative party slogan not been alluded to just last month in a chapter title used in *The Well Mannered War*. New book, old joke. "Science Fiction Has Never Been So Much Fun" claims the Virgin publicity. Well perhaps so – for the author . . .

Aside from all this time-wasting we have, however, a competent novella. I was greatly drawn to the Grell, a race of squid-like datavores with their jubilant cries of "New fact!" and "Good fact!" The book's central idea is strong, too; I had grown up thinking nothing of principal boys who are in fact women in drag, buxom dames who are really men, and villains who spend more time addressing their audience than their plans. Seeing the pantomime form through Bernice's eyes, it does all seem, I now concede, rather odd. With some brutal editing and a postponement to later in the series, this would be a delightful read. As it stands, launching with this is a grave mistake. Oh yes, it is.

Talking Books Paul Cornell

The author of Virgin's first regular Doctorless *New Adventure* on excavating his creation, archaeologist Bernice Summerfield . . .

Oh No It Isn't!

"I think it's my best book."

Why Emma Thompson [right]**?**

"Because of a certain self-deprecating wit that I think female readers, especially, empathise with."

On writing for Bernice again

"She's got a life of her own because of all the authors who've written her. She's got that thing of a really good literary character in that she transcends who writes her. I think she's still very much herself in other people's books."

Is she much like you?

"There's loads of me in Bernice. I think that the reason she rings true as a female character is that most male authors writing female characters write somebody they'd like to go out with, so you get a very idealised woman. I identify with Bernice. I don't want to go out with her – I want to be her."

THE NEW ADVENTURES
SO VILE A SIN

Featuring The Seventh Doctor, Chris, Roz **Authors** Ben Aaronovitch, Kate Orman **Publisher** Virgin **RRP** £4.99 **Available** 17 April 1997 **ISBN** 0 426 204840

It is deeply unfortunate that the only *New Adventure* to have failed to have appeared in its scheduled publication slot should be the single most pivotal of the entire series. Not only was it to resolve the 'psi-powers' theme – in preceding books, the Doctor and his friends had repeatedly encountered the telepathic Brotherhood at different periods of history – but subsequent novels would all be overshadowed by the death of companion Roz Forrester. It was a significant loss in its own right; in his previous *The Also People*, Ben Aaronovitch – whose crashed hard drive almost scuppered *So Vile a Sin* altogether – had demonstrated the potential to be not just a *Doctor Who* luminary but a great writer of science fiction *per se*.

Kate Orman's job in consolidating what remained of the novel must have been all the harder, given that the shock value of Roz's death has been inevitably diluted by references to it in subsequent books. Pragmatically, she has capitalised on this foreknowledge, and plunges straight into a depiction of Roz's funeral. This sets the *fin-de-siecle* tone of the remainder; the reader knows he is experiencing at once Roz's final days, Chris' last real happiness for a long time and, in an unexpected twist, the Doctor's final appearance in the *New Adventures*. This is doubly serendipitous; although it was clever of Virgin to wear the Seventh Doctor down from the stellar manipulator incarnate of his glory days to the cowed target he'd be in 1996's TV Movie, it is far more dignified to see him and his companions bowing out, as here, at the height of their powers – and, between them, Ben Aaronovitch and Kate Orman utterly typify the very best of the *New Adventures*.

It's a glorious fusion of the lively and thought-provoking, told with a mixture of unedited point-of-view dramatic description and Gibsonian high-tech poetry. This isn't as taxing as much of the cyberpunk

THE NEW ADVENTURES
Doctor WHO
SO VILE A SIN
BEN AARONOVITCH

So Vile a Sin* reads like a lap of honour for the Doctor's *New Adventures.

oeuvre (or even Aaronovitch's own *Transit*); explanations of both future slang and brand names are more generously proffered. It's a heady blend, too, of rich themes, ensuring that the story never sags, despite containing numerous examples of every kind of combat scene normally guaranteed to have *Shelf Life* dropping off.

It's this diversity of themes that makes *So Vile a Sin* read like a lap of honour for the Doctor's *New Adventures*. The constructs from Kate's *Sleepy* provide a surprisingly easy to identify point of view; there's the unjust society of the thirtieth century, too – shown both from the underside, where Ogrons are exploited as menial workers, and as how the other half live (Roz returns to find her family, one of the most powerful in the Earth Empire, living in palatial splendour). A vivid conclusion to the 'psi-powers' series adds an overall coherency to it all (although I had to rack my brains to remember where the Doctor had encountered the N-forms before, until I realised it was in what should have been the preceding book, *Damaged Goods*).

What I love most of all about this book is that with it *Doctor Who* finally acknowledges that for the Doctor and his friends, travelling back and forth in time, history is a sequence of alternatives, each as real as the next. So my final lasting memory of Roz Forrester will be the scene where she lights a Yemeyan cigarette, and reflects that that world could never have survived to grow the tobacco had it not been for the Doctor's intervention. Yet she remembers smoking Yemeyan tobacco as a girl; by changing history she has changed her own memories.

So Vile a Sin is, unbelievably, all the better for having been postponed. A triumph.

Talking Books Kate Orman

So Vile a Sin's co-author reveals how she set about salvaging Ben Aaronovitch's novel . . .

"The running gag was that I was so desperate to read *So Vile a Sin* that I'd even write it myself. I was delighted (and terrified) when Ben decided to give a collaboration a go . . .

"Ben's help was vital as I began to sort the novel out – lots of e-mail and phone calls. Virgin faxed and couriered me everything they had, Ben e-mailed me the files which had survived the hard drive crash or which had been partly recovered. But the more I worked on it, the more independent of Ben I became. The plot of the last third is almost entirely mine . . .

"The bulk of the surviving Ben prose was at the beginning, with bits and pieces of later scenes. I integrated all but one or two of his scenes in a sort of Frankenstein's monster of prose. I didn't try hard to emulate his writing style, but it influenced me – and I edited some of his prose a little to match my style."

DECALOG 4
RE: GENERATIONS

Featuring The Forrester family **Editors** Andy Lane, Justin Richards **Publisher** Virgin **RRP** £4.99 **Available** 15 May 1997 **ISBN** 0 426 20507 7

Short story author Alex Stewart's hobbies, as listed in his potted biography at the back of *Decalog 4*, make him sound like someone I wouldn't trust with a sharp object like a pen, let alone something as dangerous as a word processor. Yet this self-proclaimed wargames, pistol shooting, and martial arts enthusiast turns in a well-balanced story that employs the term 'ghost in the machine' quite literally, and features no gratuitous vigilantilism whatsoever.

The Doctor doesn't appear in *Second Chances*, nor any of the nine stories which follow it in this collection; neither do any of his enemies or allies, save for a spectral appearance by Roz Forrester. Instead, it's the story of Roz's family, told in separate episodes spread from soon after the dawn of the space age to a thousand years later, at the time of *So Vile A Sin*. Given the causal connection between the stories in the editors' previous *Decalog*, I had expected this to be a tale of pioneers rememembering the brave deeds of their forefathers, then going on to better them (as per Isaac Asimov's famous, and dull, *Foundation* trilogy). Instead, the stories are largely independent, the main link being a preface from fictitious future historian Tranlis Difaraillio.

No One Goes To Halfway There by Kate Orman is a rivets-and-gunmetal piece concerning the discovery of a deadly artefact on an abandoned colony. It's an unusually bleak work by the author and sets the tone for the remainder of the volume. Gus Smith's *Shopping For Eternity* efficiently revisits the perennial SF theme of unwanted messiahdom – or make that martyrdom, since Jon Forrester finds his exploits just as lethal as do most of his relatives.

In *Heritage*, Ben Jeapes raises the stakes beyond individual survival with an account of a sleeper ship of Earth colonists waking to find danger, in an enjoyable segment that's closest of all to the style of traditional *Doctor Who*. By contrast, Liz Holliday's *Burning Bright* is set in a generically drab dystopia of technological decay, and features a Forrester who is (with an irony which for now eludes me) a female cop. This is a low point in a collection with a central sag in interest that may justify selective reading.

C9H13NO3 by Peter Anghelides hints at what is to come later, by focusing on the gruesome physical exploitation of individuals by those in power. Just as brutal as *No One Goes To Halfway There*, it affects the reader more by being more shocking. A misjudgement in sequencing by the editors means that the subsequent *Approximate Time of Death* has a similar, but less ingenious, denouement to the story it follows. Richard Salter's contribution also suffers by being one too many in a sequence of stories about middle-aged, brave adventurers with few of the foibles that make such characters believable.

It gets better from here on. Lance Parkin adds the only noticeable levity to the anthology; *Secrets of the Black Planet* depicts the future's grotesque pseudo-dramatisations of the struggles of Mandela and Tutu. Paul Leonard's *Rescue Mission* is the high point; combining sibling love and the most horrific fate it can befall, it makes me impatient for his next novel. The editors' own *Dependence Day* wraps it all up, taking place a few years after *So Vile a Sin*, and bringing the unseen commentator into the story.

This is an unremittingly grim anthology, and although I applaud the decision to link the stories in their mood and outcome, rather than by passing a causal baton from one to the next, it doesn't begin to mesh until near the end. Some may feel that *Decalog 4* draws too little upon the non-BBC copyright worlds of the *New Adventures*, but I don't. As a youngster, when there were far too few *Doctor Who* books available for my liking, I would console myself with SF anthologies from the library. It's a habit I'm glad to resume. **DWM**

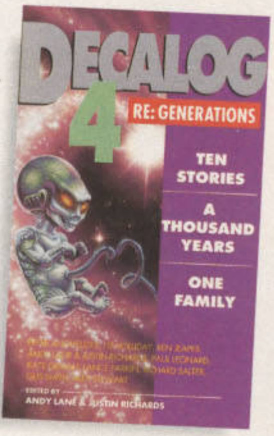
Talking Books Justin Richards

The co-editor of the latest *Decalog* anthology on putting together the definitive history of the Forrester clan . . .

"Andy [Lane] had always wanted to do a family saga, and originally Virgin wanted us to 'do' Benny's family. *Decalog 4* benefits from a looser structure than *Decalog 3* – certainly it made it easier to organise, because the problem with linking too closely is that you can't swap stories round and rebalance the anthology.

"We always planned to do the last story ourselves, to wrap up the saga thematically as well as dramatically. For that reason we didn't start it until we had everything else almost finished. That got hectic when it looked for about a week as if we'd have to fill the gap left by *So Vile a Sin* – kill Roz, wrap up the 'psi-powers' series, and do all the stuff we had planned to do anyway!

"The theme of *Decalog 4* was supposed to be that people die, yet life goes on . . ."



SPACE GIRL

Sometimes posh, sometimes childlike, sometimes sporty, rarely ginger and often scared . . . the many faces of Sarah Jane Smith put her among the most popular companions of them all. In the second part of this feature, actress Elisabeth Sladen turns her attention to Sarah's latterday appearances – including those made on air, but off-screen. Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons discover why radio thrilled the video star . . .

Two years ago, Elisabeth Sladen stamped newshound alter ego Sarah Jane's Press Association card once more, when reporting for duty on Reeltime Pictures' independently-produced video drama *Downtime*. "I was approached by Chris [Barry, the director]," Lis recalls, "oh, it must have been a year, two years, before *Downtime* actually came out. He said 'I'm reading a script at the moment, which has a definite *Doctor Who* theme, and there's a character in it that's just staring off the page as you. Would you be interested?' So I said 'Yeah, I'm always interested, send me the script.' But I didn't hear anything more for ages. Then there was all this kerfuffle about Kevin Davies' film [*Shakedown – Return of the Sontarans*, a second independent video-only project]. It was said I pulled out of that one at the last minute – which I did, but then they changed the goalposts. I was a bit iffy about it anyway, but then they said it would be filming until 12 o'clock at night. Well, Brian [Miller, Lis' actor husband] was in theatre at the time and he wasn't getting home until 11, and I just wasn't very happy about that because it would have meant arranging child minders. So *Downtime* came along quite a while afterwards, and I read the script and I actually liked it. It made sense to me, I could see what was going on. And eventually they said 'Look, it's silly this, can we call this character Sarah Jane?' and I said, 'Well it's her in disguise, so you might as well call a spade a spade.'"

Elisabeth Sladen, photographed during the production of *Genesis of the Daleks*

However, Lis wasn't sure if she had made the right decision. "I don't know if it's a good idea, really, to play Sarah Jane in that respect again. But then I thought, well, she's not with the Doctor, so you can actually have a different Sarah Jane – because I'm sure she is totally different without him, I'm sure she is – and it would be with Nick [Courtney, aka *Doctor Who*'s Brigadier] and it would be fun. But we had to go away from home to do it, so I asked if my scenes could be done in two days. I didn't want a big part, but I didn't want to be wandering in and out – I wanted my part to be succinct, so that when she's there she's pertinent, but when she's gone she's gone. So she was at the beginning and she was at the end. I had to given them an extra half-day, though, and I wasn't terribly happy that all of my dialogue scenes were on the morning when I was worried about catching the train back – and what I'd do if I missed that one and it's snowing and . . .

Lis with Nick Courtney, on location for *Downtime*.

"Well, I think it looks okay but it would have been nice to have done it as set on those two days. It was fun, though. They'd done a grand job on the script and I thought it was lovely for Nick to do that as well. The scene I enjoyed most was the last one we did. Nick didn't have any make-up on and my hair hadn't been done, I don't know where the make-up girl was, and we just wandered along a towpath talking. It was nice to be able to play the scene, and I enjoyed doing that scene with Nick very much."

Lis has to pick and choose her acting roles nowadays, so as not to let them interfere with family commitments. "Brian and I have the same agent for that reason. I thought, as a child got older, they needed you less – but just at the moment, because Sadie's started her secondary school, I'm needed more at home. If I'm not organised when she comes through that door at 5.15, she doesn't get to bed to get up at 6.15 in the morning." We'd heard that Lis had recently turned down a role in *Brookside*: "Well it was never mine on offer," she says, "but I turned down the chance to go up for it. I think Lesley Nightingale's playing it. I don't know how many people they saw, but I would have had to go up to Liverpool – and that was on a day when something important was happening for Sadie and Brian was away – and they had said at the outset, 'Don't come up to be seen for this if you will not be prepared to sign an 18-month contract.' Well, there was no way! In the old days, you could go up for something like that – I did it for *Emmerdale*, knowing I wouldn't accept it if it was offered – just because you wanted the casting people to see you, so even if you didn't do that part they might think of you for something else later. But now, you would really upset people if you did that, you'd be wasting their time. That's just how it is now. So anyway, I phoned Mary Tamm, because she did *Brookside*, and she said 'Lis, if you have to do it, do it,' but it was very hard for her – and Lauren [Mary's daughter] was older than Sadie at the time. So I thought very carefully and in the end I decided I wouldn't have been happy, and I just wrote them a letter saying 'I'd love to play a Liverpool girl again, please remember me because I'd jump at the chance if it was a less demanding schedule.' I'm not just doing it for Sadie, though, I am very selfish. I like her company and I enjoy my home. I love the family life that I lead."

One opportunity which Lis had few qualms about taking was reprise her characterisation of Sarah Jane in two *Doctor Who* radio serials, *The Paradise of Death* and *The Ghosts of N-Space*, alongside Jon Pertwee and Nicholas Courtney. "I actually thought, 'I wonder if my voice will sound young enough now' – but what I learned through doing the radios is that I have a Sarah Jane voice, I actually have a Sarah Jane voice that is different to my own voice. It's got nothing to do with age, it's

"When we did *The Paradise of Death*, Nick, Jon and I turned up in the radio studio on the first morning and thought 'My God, is this going to work?'"

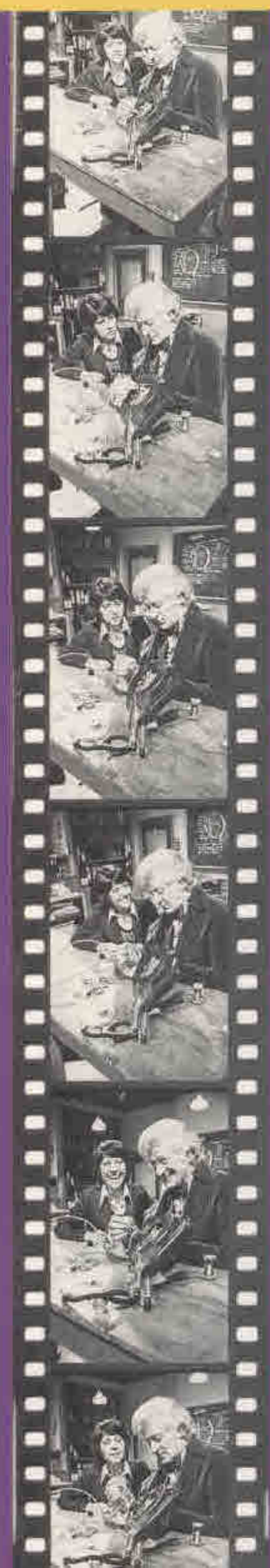
BBC Video [5], BBC [2], TTL [1]

100 things you never knew you knew about Sarah Jane Smith!

Although we enjoyed more on-screen hi-jinks with Sarah than any other of the Doctor's companions, you may think that, in the full rush of her adventuring around the Universe (and the Home Counties), we got to know very little about her. *Au contaire*, my friends – an attentive analyst of her saga has much to learn about our reporter chum's personal history.

Gary Gillatt has collated the evidence, and here lays bare Sarah's taste in fruit, her support for deer hunting – and her bizarre habit of typing up her stories outside the pub while knocking back a quick Chardonnay . . .

The following facts about Sarah are culled from her TV broadcast adventures and the spin-off adventure *K9 and Company: A Girl's Best Friend.* The source for each item is given by the story production code for each serial (a code has been created for *K9 and Company*). For ease of reference, all the codes are given at the foot of the article.



1-2 Sarah Jane Smith was born around the year 1957 (She is 23 at the time of Operation Golden Age [WWW] and comes from 1980 [4G]) probably near the "everyday" Liverpool Docks [WWW]. She is right-handed.

3 Sarah's Aunt Lavina became famous for her scientific masterwork *Teleological Response of the Virus*. Sarah was five when this work was published [UUU].

4 She met the Doctor while researching a science-based story – to wit, infiltrating the scientists' 'safe house' set up by UNIT. She has heard of the organisation before this point [UUU].

5-7 She wears a gold identity bracelet, a watch, and between two and four rings [various].

8 She craves tea at moments of stress [UUU].

9-11 Prior to her first encounter with the Doctor, Sarah interviewed politician Lady Collingford (regarding her Private Members Bill opposing river pollution), novelist Nigel Castle and Olympic gold medal winning athlete John Crichton (who had jumped 2.362m in the then most recent Olympic Games) [WWW].

12-13 She has a criminal record for the looting of furs, jewels and money. Her record number is 177782 [WWW].

14-16 Her press contacts around this time include "newspaper contacts up north", the Science Correspondent of *The Times* and the editor of the scientific journal *Nature* [WWW].

17 She likes London – traffic jams and all [WWW].

18 She owns an SLR camera, of which she is a confident user [WWW].

19 She knows that the nearest solar system to Earth is over four light-years away [WWW].

20 She can "sink anywhere" and needs water wings to swim [XXX].

21 She doesn't find fog very fascinating [XXX].

22 She is a keen supporter of the women's liberation movement [YYY].

23-24 She is working for *Metropolitan* magazine at the time she is called upon by Mike Yates to investigate strange goings-on at a Buddhist Meditation Centre in "Mummerset". At this time, the magazine is edited by someone called Percy [ZZZ]. We do not know if this is his/her first name or surname.

25-27 She has heard of the scientific body called Thinktank before she encounters them with UNIT. She also knows about the top secret Disintegrator Gun project without being told about it, and the work of robotics expert Professor Kettlewell, about whom there was once "a big fuss in the press" [4A].

28 Her feminist beliefs do not appear to run very deep: she wrongly assumes a man, Jellicoe, is head of Thinktank, as opposed to Hilda Winters [4A].

29-30 She considers a man like UNIT's Medical Officer Harry Sullivan to be old-fashioned. Conversely, the Taskforce's commanding officer, Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, is "a swinger" [4A].

31 She is familiar with scientific advances in the field of alternative energy resources, such as solar cells and "heat from windmills" [4A].

32 By this time she has not only her own UNIT pass [4G] . . .

33 . . . she also has a pass from the National Institute for Advanced Scientific Research (it is, however, only a Day Visitor's pass, valid until 4pm on 4 April) [4A].

34 She drives a yellow sports car, registration RMF 654L [4A].

35 She has heard of James Bond [4A].

36 She knows that the metal Dynastrene is indestructible [4A].

37 She doesn't like brandy [4C].

38-41 She seems to have a fear of snakes, confined spaces and being buried alive in living mud [4B]. She is also scared of heights [4E].

42 Before travelling with the Doctor, she has eaten oysters [4E].

43 By the time she visits Nerva Beacon during its attack by the Cybermen, she, Harry and the Doctor have been travelling for "a few weeks" [4D]. The adventures we see in this period do not account for all of this time.

44 She has heard of the Cybermen before this time [4D].

45 It has been suggested that she has thick ankles Sarah herself, however, denies this [4D].

46-47 She doesn't have any stong feelings against animal hunting for sport. She appreciates a 12-pointer stag's head trophy as "fine-looking" [4F].

48 Her impression of a Scots accent is very poor [4F].

49 She can't pronounce gaelic names [4F].

50 She prepared (but perhaps never finished) a story on wrecked oil-rigs in the North Sea under the title *Another Bermuda Triangle?* [4F].

51 She can recognise a 38th century Morestran emergency distress code when it is received by the TARDIS [4H].

52 She knows what a Spectromixer is (a device the Doctor can use to ascertain his galactic location from the stars) [4H].

53 She recognises the sound of a compression unit starting up before a rocket takes off [4H].

54 She is especially sensitive to the presence of anti-matter life forms [4H].

55-56 She knows that UNIT HQ now stands on the site of the Old Priory, and that this earlier building was burned to the ground [4G].

57 She has a reasonably detailed knowledge of the legends of ancient Egypt – including the story of Set and Horus [4G].

58 She knows of the hieroglyphs of the 740 gods on the wall of the tomb of Pharoah Tuthmosis III [4G].

59 She has heard of the lost science of "tribiphysics", mastered by the Osirians [4G].

60-61 She can load a turn-of-the-century rifle, and is a crack shot with such a weapon [4G].

62 She loves the fresh smell just after a rain shower [4J].

63 She doesn't like ginger pop [4J].

64-65 She visited the village of Devesham on a story assignment, investigating a "brouhaha" at the Space Defence Station (the loss of astronaut Guy Crayford and experimental rocket XK5). She stayed at the Fleur-de-Lys Inn and got to know the landlord, Mr Morgan [4J].

66 She knows how to use the sonic screwdriver; specifically, how to set it to "theta omega" [4J].

67 When visiting surgeon Mehendri Solon on Karn, she doesn't drink wine with her meal, perhaps because it is green. She does have a taste for white wine, however, and enjoys a glass while typing a story *al fresco* [K9].

68 She is 5'4" (just) [4M].

69 She can play a very basic tune on the recorder [4M].

70-72 She likes oranges and grapes [4M], and bananas [4N].

73-74 She can't naturally speak Italian and Latin [4M].

75 She can dance in the formal style of 15th Century Italy [4M].

76-80 Just before she leaves the Doctor, Sarah claims, in a fit of pique, that she is "sick of being cold and hypnotised left, right and centre . . . of being shot at and savaged by bug-eyed monsters" [4N]. For the record, up to this point she has been cold seven times, wet three times, hypnotised (either left, right or centre) 10 times, shot at 11 times, and savaged by bug-eyed monsters 19 times.

81-83 Sarah and the Fourth Doctor initially said goodbye some time after 1980 [4G] – but they were not in Hillview Road, nor even in South Croydon [4N].

84 Lavinia Smith claims that her niece is "like a butterfly – never in one place long enough to lick a stamp" [K9].

85-88 She completes a job with the news agency Reuters before moving to her Aunt Lavinia's house in Moreton Harwood, Gloucestershire (tel: Moreton Harwood 778) to write a book. Lavinia has lived there for two years [K9]. In this time, Sarah has still not managed to type with more than four fingers. [4F/K9]

89-92 At this point, Sarah drives a blue Austin Metro convertible, registration OKR 591W. She has taken up jogging and some form of martial art [K9].

93-94 Although she is very knowledgeable about technical science matters (see 19, 31, 36, 51-53, 59, 66) and regularly chooses to investigates scientific stories (see 4, 14-16, 25-27, 33, 64-65), perhaps suggesting that she is specifically a scientific journalist, and that she only sells less technical stories to *Metropolitan* (23-24). She doesn't, however, move with the times – she later tells her aunt's ward Brendan that "computer stuff is bound to go over [her] head." [K9]

95 She seems to agree that the most endearing trait in a dog is total obedience [K9].

96-100 She seems to move away from Moreton Harwood some time after this to somewhere in the area covered by London Transport. She works within a bus ride from her new semi, where she lives with K9. She only takes the bus when her car is being repaired [6K].

Story codes

UUU	*The Time Warrior*	4F	*Terror of the Zygons*
WWW	*Invasion of the Dinosaurs*	4G	*Pyramids of Mars*
XXX	*Death to the Daleks*	4H	*Planet of Evil*
YYY	*The Monster of Peladon*	4J	*The Android Invasion*
ZZZ	*Planet of the Spiders*	4K	*The Brain of Morbius*
4A	*Robot*	4L	*The Seeds of Doom*
4B	*The Sontaran Experiment*	4M	*Masque of Mandragora*
4C	*The Ark in Space*	4N	*The Hand of Fear*
4D	*Revenge of the Cybermen*	K9	*K9 and Company*
4E	*Genesis of the Daleks*	6K	*The Five Doctors*

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just something about her voice that I didn't realise I was doing on television."

Her enthusiasm for the radio productions comes across very clearly. "Someone missed the most wonderful opportunity, I think, to film us doing the radios. Kevin Davies should have been there, because it was wonderful and – more in *The Ghosts of N-Space* than in *The Paradise of Death* – it was so physical. We were actually running down corridors! Granted, the corridors weren't as long, but we were taking run-ups. We'd run up to the mike, out of breath, and then Jon would find his stool and sit down – he had his bad back then, and he was being very good about it, but he was so impatient because he was used to being so physical and he hated the inconvenience. And they had an enormous amount of special effects to put on afterwards, so we tried to do as much as we could in the studio. At one point, we had rocks – which I thought would have been put on afterwards – falling in the studio and there were clouds of dust and it was 'Jeez, where's the mike? I can't see the mike!' and we actually had a set. There was the incongruity of it too: we had chains there, I was rattling a chain because I was meant to be tied up but I was nowhere near tied up, I was trying to turn a page of my script, and you were having to suck your breath in as you were supposed to be walking through walls . . . you could have made such a wonderful documentary, but we never thought of it at the time."

Sarah is menaced by Azaxyr (Alan Bennion), *The Monster of Peladon.*

We wondered how the experience of making *Doctor Who* on radio compared to its TV equivalent? "Oh, it's terribly civilised in comparison, terribly civilised, I mean they treated us wonderfully. We recorded at Maida Vale, where they have the newer studios which I prefer. They're much nicer than Broadcasting House – no wonder they got Legionnaire's Disease there at one point, the air just seems so stale by comparison. You're still underground, really, at Maida Vale, but it seems more near to the surface somehow, they're much more pleasant studios. We had a wonderful green room, which you don't often get, with new armchairs and telephones and the coffee and the chocolate biscuits would come round . . ." As to the acting itself: "It's very nice not to have to learn lines and especially not to have to put on make-up. It doesn't matter what you look like in the morning, which is always a bugbear for actresses unless you're playing a different sort of part. It's very immediate, though, and you do have to keep on your toes.

"What you do with the telly is, you have rehearsals" and you have the chance to play around with the script and you go home that night still playing around with it – because there's no correct way to deliver a line really; usually, hopefully, if you're any good and the script's any good, acting is about reacting, it's about the way someone else will throw you a line and the way

BBC Video [7]

you'll react to it. But with radio, you don't have the chance to develop that. You have one read-through, and you're really going through that for timing and to see who you're with in each scene. Then you go down to the studio and you go through Scene One once, or a couple of times maybe, and then you record. So you've got to be very immediate. When you're going back to work with people you know, though, even if you haven't worked with them for a long time, there is a shorthand there – and it does help to have an established character who you're not having to fight for.

"i don't know if it's a good idea, really, to play Sarah Jane again."

"When we did *The Paradise of Death*, Nick, Jon and I turned up on the first morning and I think the main thought in our minds was 'My God, is this going to work? Can this gel, can it be done?' I think Barry [Letts] was like that too, but it was incredible! It really just came together! And with *The Ghosts of N-Space* too: it was quite amazing, because we did – what was it? Six episodes, so we did six days, an episode a day, which is a lot to do – and we only had that short amount of time to make a company of the people who were joining us. And, I don't know, maybe it's something in the casting of the people in *Who*, maybe it's something in *Who* itself, but it always seems to encourage a company feeling. People very quickly became a part of it and we all felt comfortable with each other. I know that Debbie [Watling] and Wendy [Padbury] felt this about Pat [Troughton], there is this incredible feeling that generates for people who are regulars in *Who* and for people who join the cast of regulars. It seems to encourage and breed this very lovely, special working atmosphere.

"We were so lucky having [producer] Phil Clarke – he loved the programme even before we started on it – and, of course, we had Barry there. There's no-one who knows more about *Doctor Who* than Barry. When we were in the studio, Barry would be in the director's box, which was in front of us, in our eyeline. If you had a minor question in your mind, you didn't have to say it, you could just look up at Barry and he would either nod or shake his head or give you the thumbs-up; he knew what you were thinking."

Lis suddenly remembers something. "Hey, the guy who played the villain in *The Ghosts of N-Space*, Stephen Thorne, is actually the actor I auditioned with for the part of Sarah Jane. I saw him and I thought 'I know that face,' and 22 years went past like that, to when Barry took me to North Acton to meet Jon and to do a rehearsal so he could watch. I remember it so distinctly: Stephen played a villain, and I had to mime climbing through an open window and looking around but not realising he was there. Then I see he's there and I talk to him thinking he's a goody, and the only way you can tell these guys aren't goodies is that they have snake tongues, and at the very end of the sketch his tongue came out – dear Stephen had to pop his tongue out and I was reacting to that. So it was quite something, to see Stephen again." She was glad of the chance to work with Nick Courtney again, too. "It was quite strange because, at the beginning of *Who*, Nick wasn't really in the eyeline for me at all. My incentive was to get on with Jon, to know Jon, and if someone had said to me before that Nick was in *The Time Warrior*, I couldn't have remembered it. He was in *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* and he was talked about a lot, but if you go through my time with Jon, it wasn't until *Spiders* that Nick really came in. And then, when I was with Tom, we went off into space and we didn't have a great deal to do with Earth. So it wasn't until we did the radios that I had the pleasure of really standing up close against Nick, and that was brilliant. The way it came out, it was really a trio – Jon, Nick and I – in a way it hadn't been so much in the tellys."

Sadly, Lis can remember little about her two previous excursions into the world of *Doctor Who* audio productions, with Tom Baker. "I remember one, which was *The Pescatons*, but I was hardly on that really. We recorded it at just about the time I was leaving *Doctor Who*, because I remember doing an interview about leaving on something with Sue Lawley, and the record producer was really upset because I hadn't mentioned the record."

With Tom Baker in *The Brain of Morbius*.

BBC [1], BBC Video [2]

Lis at a press photocall with Jon Pertwee, held at BBC Television Centre.

Immediately after *Doctor Who*, Lis returned to Liverpool to appear in theatre; over the next few years, her work included the Granada series *Take My Wife*, a tour of an Alan Ayckbourn play, *Gulliver*, *K9 and Company* (of course), "oh and I did *Send in the Girls* for Granada, with John Carson. Brian actually played my husband in that, and the director didn't know we were married when he cast us. He had the ab-dabs when he found out, because it was about a marriage going wrong."

In the early eighties, though, Lis more or less dropped out of acting for a time. "I really didn't work that much after I had Sadie. I did have a nanny, and I kept my hand in with bits of adverts and bitty things: *Dempsey and Makepeace*, *The Bill* and things like that. But I thought it would be easy: you take the baby and the baby stays there and you work . . . and I couldn't hack it. I found myself looking at the clock and thinking 'I want to go home, I want to go home', and I thought 'Someone else should have this job, I shouldn't have it.' So I scooted out of it and I didn't really start to do things again until about two or three years ago, when Sadie was eight or nine. And then times have changed, casting directors have changed, and you've lost ground."

So far as her acting work is concerned, Lis doesn't really know what to expect next. "You know, I've never planned my career – more fool me, if anyone's listening to this who is going to be an actor – I never saw anything as a stepping stone, my other life was always very strong to me and I've always loved going back to it. I just want to be able to work sometimes, and I'm very lucky to have an agent who will accommodate that for me. I don't go all out to get work at all these days. It would be very nice if one could have something with some real meat, but then when you don't go all out to get work, you don't actually get the work you want – and now, because I've sort of left everything, there are some parts I would really have loved to have played that I never will now, unless I'm very lucky and can do them on radio."

We ask what sort of roles Lis would like to play in the future. "I would have loved to have played Viola," she says, "but I won't now. When I was working down in Bristol, I got the choice of playing Viola or Olivia and, seeing the cast we had, there was someone much better suited to playing Viola than me, so I decided it would be better if I played Olivia. I love thrillers too. I was watching a film last night, *Sliver*, and I'd like to do something like that, or a period piece set in the thirties or the fifties. I think someone just bought the rights to the Francis Durbridge stuff, which I would dearly have loved to have done. I'll always remember doing *The Crucible*; I love being able to play against what people expect the character to be like, so that, no one knows who's telling the truth." DWM

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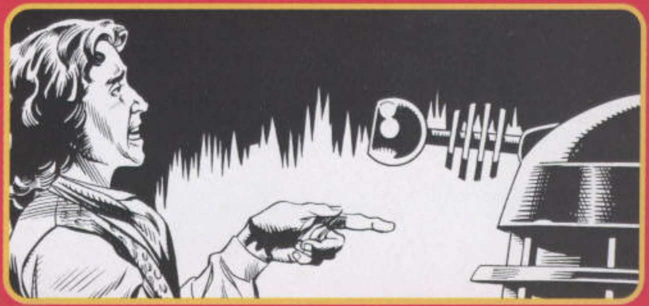

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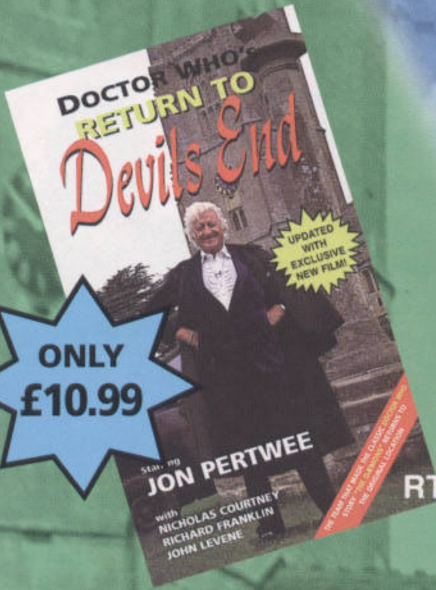
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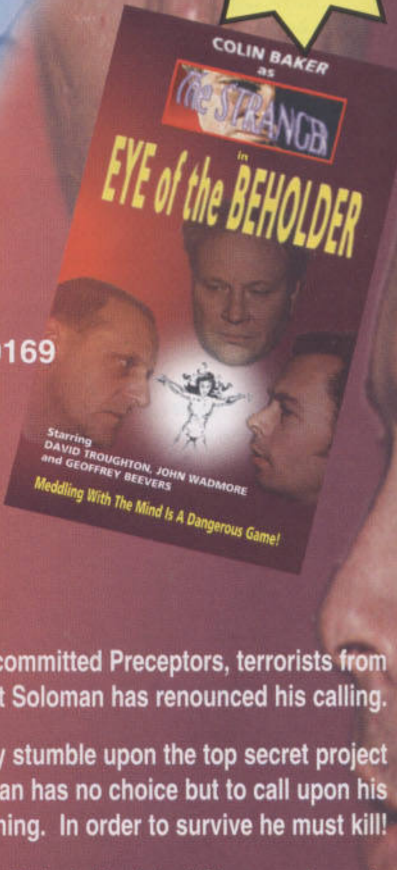
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